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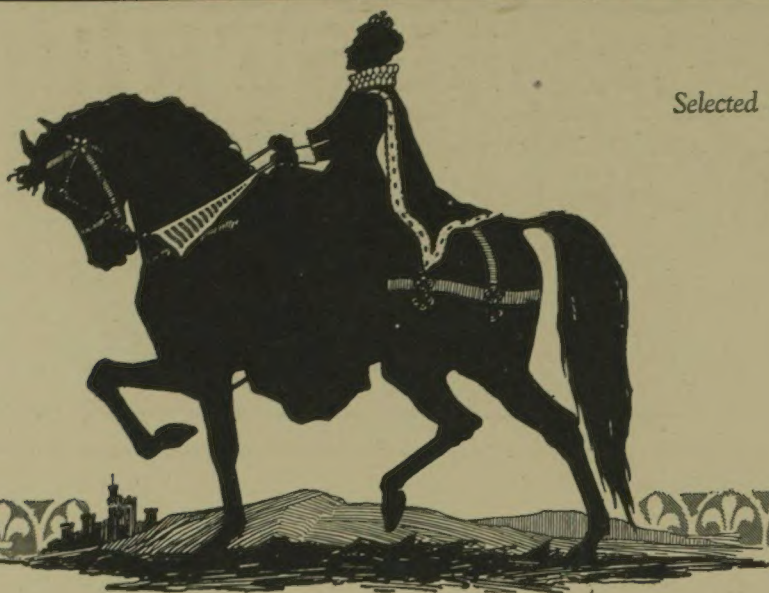
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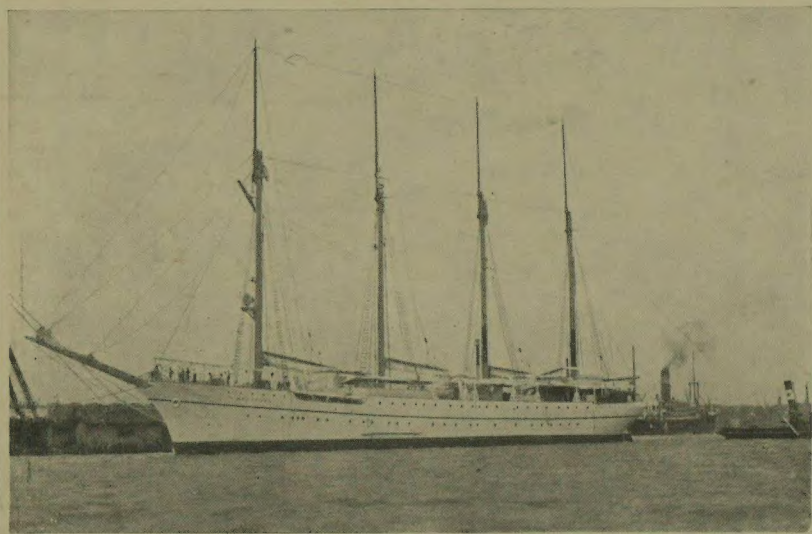
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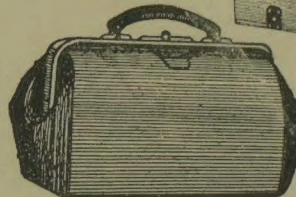
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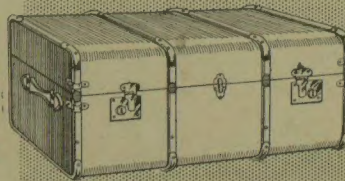


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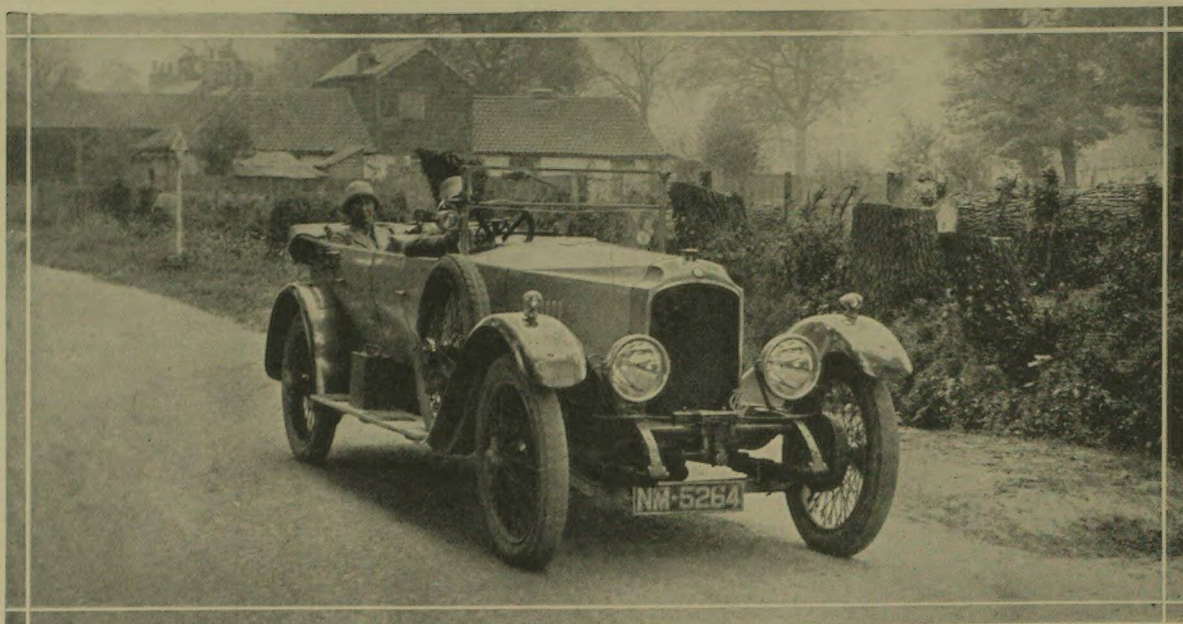
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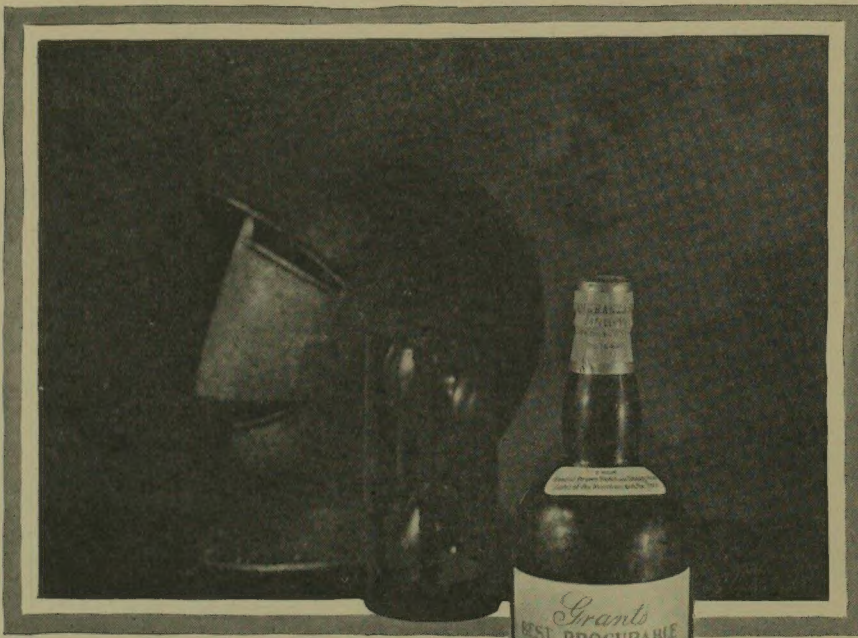
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1925.

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IN DISTURBED CHINA: A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE YANGTSE ABOVE SHANGHAI—CHINESE BEGGAR WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN CURIOUS ROUND TUBS ON THE RIVER AT WU-HU, APPEALING TO STEAMER PASSENGERS.

Our correspondent who sends this photograph (and others reproduced on page 421) writes: "The Yangtse Kiang at Wu-hu is broader than the Thames at Waterloo Bridge, and, as a steamer is moored in the river, these women paddle out in large round tubs to beg from the passengers and officers. In the boats are always

young children, who kneel on the tub floor making whining noises, with hands in an attitude of prayer as adopted by Europeans, constantly bowing in order to excite pity. Coins are collected from the tub floor or by small bags on long bamboo poles. The Chinese passengers will often pelt them with refuse."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I DISLIKE the current proofs of progress because they obviously prevent us from progressing. Indeed I believe that the real motive with which they are offered is not progressive, but conservative. The motive may be quite unconscious in many of the modern capitalist organs that act on it. But I believe that an uncomfortable feeling about the state of their own civilisation moves them to try to make out that all older civilisations were more uncomfortable. By way of showing that they themselves are not so black as they are painted, they try to show they are not so black as they can paint somebody else. It is as if a Puritan squire burning witches were to boast that at least he did not burn heretics. It is as if a slave-driver with niggers in the hold were to explain that there were once much worse pirates who made people walk the plank. It is as though a feudal baron, setting out on a foray to drive away sheep and cattle, were to explain that he had never in his life built an amphitheatre and thrown people to be eaten by lions and leopards. We can imagine King John pointing out that he had never killed his mother like Nero; and Nero saying, with legitimate pride, that he had not murdered so many babies as Herod. It may be a natural sentiment, but I think it a weakening and deleterious one. Nine times out of ten the man who boasts that he is at least better than his predecessor in some special respect would find that he is also worse than his predecessor in some other respect.

In a recent article about the progress of woman, Mr. Rafael Sabatini takes the typist of to-day and compares her with what he considers her social equivalent of two hundred years ago; I may be mistaking him, but he seems to me to take as the equivalent a rather coarse and common sort of servant. The typist will hardly be flattered at the social assessment. Now I should never have taken two hundred years ago as my favourite period of history. It is the advantage of the man abusing the bad old times that he can abuse them all together, having all human history to choose from. The seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth century seem to me to have been a time of social decay, when the poor had lost their religious dignity and largely disappeared from sight. But if he likes to take that sort of period, I will take it. I will make an appointment with him in the age of perukes and French comedies. I will even make an appointment with the maid-servant, if in that incarnation the typist really was a maid-servant. And, without any burning ambition to be a maid-servant myself, at any historic epoch, I think there is something to be said on the other side.

Anyhow, if things have improved, they have not steadily improved. I quote from memory, but I seem to recall, for instance, that Pepys, who lived about, or a little before, that period, speaks of singing part-songs in his parlour with his maid-servant

and his wife, as of an ordinary pleasant evening at home. He talks of her as having a pleasant voice; or he talks of her as singing her part well; in short, he talks of her just as if she were a human being. He does not appear to think it odd; what many will think odd, his wife does not appear to think it odd. Mrs. Pepys had much to object to, and objected to it. But I doubt if she objected to this preliminary practical assumption that the servants were in a sense a part of the family. Now of all the millions of upper-class and middle-class houses that have been standing from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present day, I wonder how many were houses in which the housemaid sang glees at the piano with the master of the house?

The chief mark of the modern world, perhaps, beginning with the Early Victorian epoch, has been a sort of ignominious farce in this respect. The

ship with superiors, forbidden amusements outside or company inside, who would have been glad to form part of Mr. Pepys's musical party. I know that the economic advantage has now turned against the middle-class mistress. But I am old enough to remember how recent is the change, and a good many middle-class mistresses who could get no more disadvantages than they deserved.

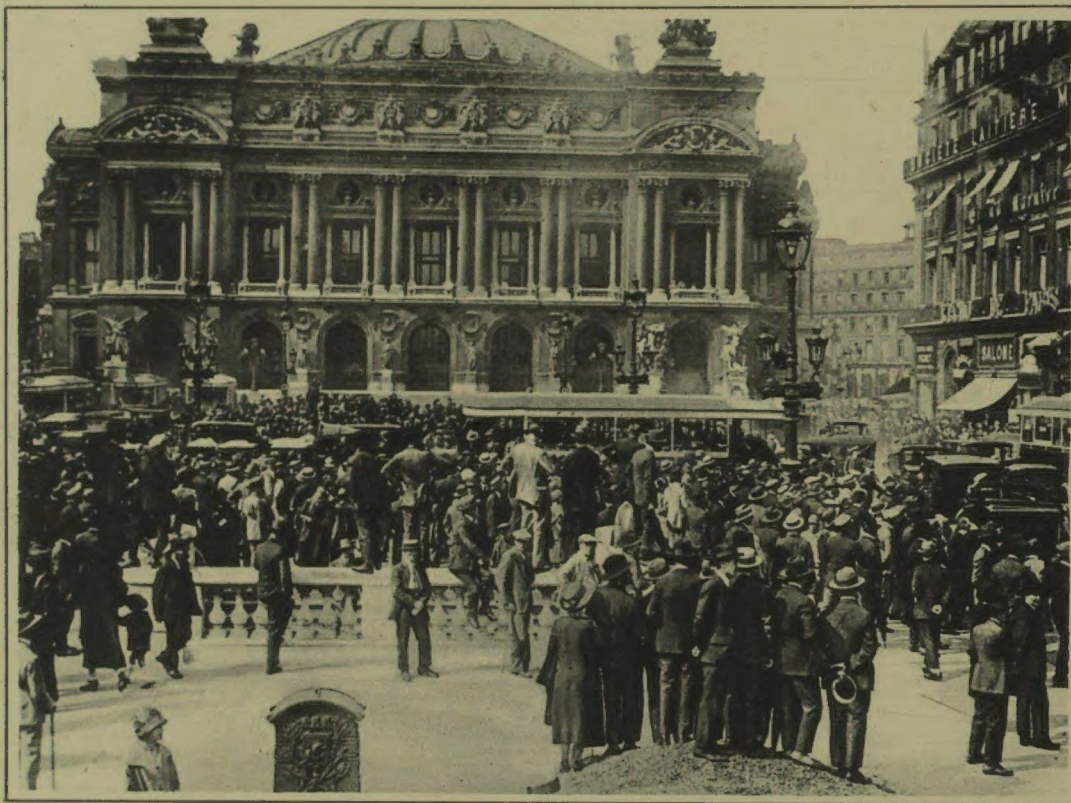
Here is another small fact, also quoted from memory, and at random, touching the female servant supposed to be the typist of two hundred years ago. Izaak Walton was a man about the time of Pepys; I imagine rather older. His "Compleat Angler" is not, of course, a literal narrative of real events, but it is a very real narrative meant to suggest very real conditions. He brings in a milkmaid, who is asked to sing songs. The songs are also poems. One of them is by Christopher Marlowe; another is by Walter

Raleigh; and the author shows his intention to keep in touch with popular things by making her promise to sing the Ballad of Chevy Chase. I hope that the typists whom Mr. Sabatini describes as reading glowing accounts of Queens are really always reading anything so good as Mr. Sabatini's own glowing accounts of Queens, which are certainly glowing enough. But, so far as I observe, I must confess to a doubt about whether they are really reading anything so good as the Ballad of Chevy Chase. And this, it may be noted, was a question of *knowing* the Ballad of Chevy Chase, which is rather different from reading it.

Now the qualities which made that ballad stir as with a trumpet the great heart of Sir Philip Sidney were not vulgar qualities. They were not what are now called popular qualities. For instance, it needs a certain patience and receptiveness, and the fine simplicity of real culture, to read through a narrative of fighting and killing, and reach rightly its climax; the great Greek irony of "So ended the hunting," or the trumpet-call of King Harry's boast. Now I notice that all newspapers and most novelettes read by typists are now arranged upon the fixed principle that

there cannot be any climax at all. Everything that the journalist has to say he must say in large letters and short words, in the head-line at the top of the column. Popular literature is not full of glowing accounts of Queens, but of glaring and staring accounts of very small things printed in very large letters.

Well, Mr. Sabatini and I can both take our choice. Doubtless there is something to be said for the period he adorns; there is also something to be said for the periods he writes about. It seems to me a question whether knowing and loving a long and noble poem is not better than forgetting a torrent of trash, that is made trashier to save us trouble. And, whether or no Walton's milkmaid knew such a ballad, there were crowds of poor people in old England who did.



PARISIANS ANXIOUS TO KNOW HOW MANY MILLIONS A YEAR FRANCE IS TO PAY GREAT BRITAIN TO SETTLE HER WAR DEBT: CROWDS OUTSIDE THE OPÉRA AWAITING NEWS OF THE RESULTS OF M. CAILLAUX'S VISIT TO LONDON.

This photograph was taken in Paris on August 26, the day before the return of M. Caillaux (the French Finance Minister) from London after his discussions with Mr. Churchill and the Cabinet regarding the debt of France to Great Britain. On the 25th Mr. Churchill stated that the Government had authorised him to make a final offer to accept settlement by 62 annual payments of £12,500,000, subject to the condition that the payments should be proportionate to any that France may subsequently arrange to make to the United States. The British Government had originally suggested £16,000,000 a year, and M. Caillaux had made a counter proposal of £10,000,000. He returned to Paris to lay the new British offer before the French Government, and was reported to favour acceptance.—[Photograph by Keystone.]

householder and the housemaid were horribly afraid of each other. That morbid embarrassment is an entirely modern thing. It is not the only modern thing; and many other modern things are much better. Many other things in the time of Pepys were much worse. I am not urging a lop-sided idolatry of the past; I am protesting against Mr. Sabatini's lop-sided idolatry of the present. I quite agree, for instance, that Mrs. Pepys would have been much more capable than a modern mistress of clouting the girl over the head. That is because all manners were more frank and familiar; but the girl got some good out of their frankness and familiarity. And I fancy there was many a housemaid of the Victorian time, and even of our own (at least until very lately) shut up in the basement of a very respectable villa, forbidden followers, forbidden friend-

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LIFE IN DISTURBED CHINA: TYPICAL SCENES AT AND NEAR SHANGHAI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY W. NORWOOD.



WHERE THE WEST ENTRUSTS ITS CHILDREN TO THE EAST: CHINESE AMAHS (NURSES) AND THEIR EUROPEAN CHARGES IN JESSFIELD PARK, SHANGHAI.



SIGNS OF CHINA'S IMMEMORIAL CUSTOM OF ANCESTOR WORSHIP: URNS CONTAINING BONES OF ANCESTORS AT A HILL CEMETERY.



A WESTERN GAME THAT HAS TAKEN ROOT IN THE FAR EAST PROVIDES EMPLOYMENT FOR A LARGE NUMBER OF CHINA'S YOUNGER GENERATION: CHINESE GOLF CADDIES ON THE LINKS AT KAIGWAN, SHANGHAI; AND EUROPEAN PLAYERS.



NATIVE COOKERY IN CHINA: A WHARF-SIDE SCENE AT WU-HU, ON THE RIVER YANGTSE—COOKING BREAKFASTS FOR DOCKERS.



DOCKERS AT WORK AT A RIVER PORT ON THE YANGTSE: CARRYING BIG BUNDLES OF DUCK-FEATHERS, SLUNG ON POLES, TO A BOAT AT WU-HU.

The state of political affairs in disturbed China continues to change from day to day, but the everyday life of the people remains otherwise much the same. These interesting photographs of typical incidents come from Shanghai, the great port at the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang, and from Wu-hu, a riverside town some thirty-six miles up stream, beyond Nanking. Although it was a shooting affair at Shanghai, some three months ago, that gave a fresh impetus to disorder in China, and originated its subsequent phases, most of the news latterly has emanated from other places, chiefly Canton and Hong-Kong. On August 30, however, a

message from Shanghai stated that strikes were still spreading among employees of Chinese firms there. These strikes, it was reported, were purely economic, and due to the fact that in native factories hours of work are excessive and wages inadequate, as contrasted with British firms, among whose employees there has been no complaint regarding conditions. A little earlier—on August 20—two Russian Soviet aeroplanes from Moscow arrived at Shanghai. They were enthusiastically greeted by crowds of Chinese and Russians, including students. One carried a banner inscribed, "Cancellation of Unequal Treaties."

WHERE A SPANISH LANDING WAS EXPECTED: ALHUCEMAS BAY, AND ABDEL KRIM'S HEADQUARTERS, FROM THE AIR.

AIR-PHOTOGRAPHS BY SERGEANT-OBSERVER DELABY.

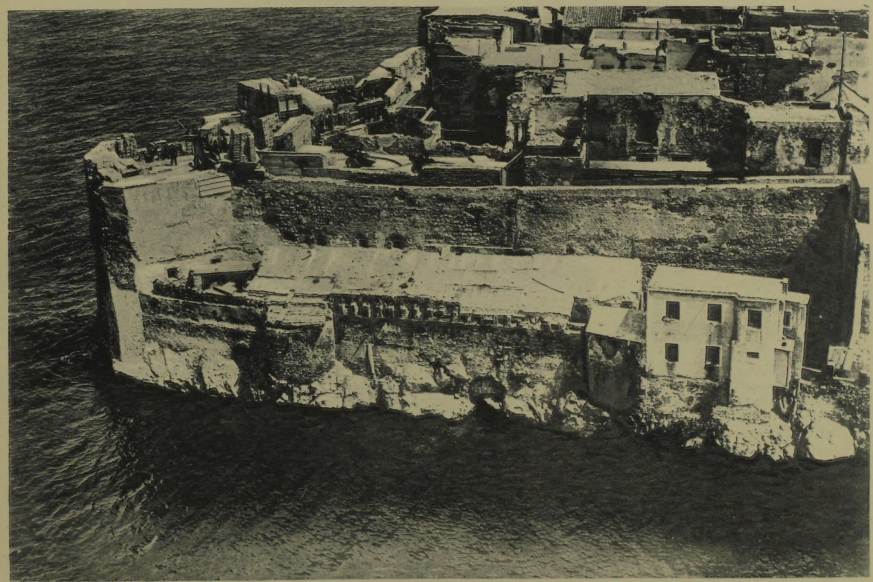
THE "LIE" OF THE LAND, AND SEA, AT ALHUCEMAS BAY IN NORTHERN MOROCCO: AN AIR-VIEW OF THE COAST, SHOWING (EXTREME RIGHT) PART OF THE SPANISH FORTIFIED ISLET OF PENON, AND (CENTRE BACKGROUND) CAPE MAURE.



WHERE THE RIFIS RECENTLY BOMBARDED FROM THE SHORE THE FORTIFIED ISLET OF PENON (BACK GROUND), KILLING THE COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH GARRISON, AND THE SPANISH REPLIED WITH NAVAL FIRE: THE BAY OF ALHUCEMAS, SHOWING ALSO THE ISLETS "LAND" AND "SEA"—AN AIR-VIEW.



HEAVILY BOMBED FROM THE AIR AFTER THE RIFI BOMBARDMENT OF THE SPANISH ISLAND IN ALHUCEMAS BAY: THE ADJACENT HEADQUARTERS OF ABDEL KRIM AT AJDIR, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.



RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE RIFIS: THE RAMPARTS AT THE SOUTH-WEST END OF PENON ISLAND, BETWEEN WHICH AND THE RIFIS THERE HAD BEEN A TACIT TRUCE, BOTH SIDES DEPENDING ON EACH OTHER FOR TRADE IN NECESSITIES.

These air-views of Alhucemas Bay and the adjacent headquarters of Abdel Krim, the Rifi leader, at Ajdir, show very well the "lie of the land" at this spot, which has been so much in the limelight lately in connection with the war in Morocco. On August 20 the Rifis suddenly bombarded the Spanish fortified island in the bay, and the commander of the garrison, Colonel Monasterio, died of his wounds. Shortly afterwards the Spanish battle-ship "Alfonso XIII." bombarded the coast, and Ajdir was heavily bombed from the air. It was reported on the 25th that there was still talk of a large Spanish landing in the bay, and that twenty transports and three hospital ships were lying ready at Malaga. Later, it was stated that the French naval forces off Morocco were also being reinforced. On the 28th it was reported that the Spanish landing plans were very uncertain. Writing from Tangier on August 23, a "Times" correspondent said: "The sudden bombardment by Abdel Krim's artillery of the little island fortress of Alhucemas has caused surprise. The island lies less than a thousand yards from the Rifi shore, the cliffs of which overlook it. Alhucemas has been Spanish territory since 1673,

and has principally been used as a prison for Spanish criminals. It is said to be strongly fortified. Its position during this war has been an anomalous one, as by local arrangement peace has been preserved between the island and the shore. As both the Spaniards on the island and the Rifis on the mainland were largely dependent on each other for necessities of life, an arrangement was come to by which friendly commercial intercourse was maintained. The result has been that within a few miles of Ajdir, Abdel Krim's headquarters, there existed a fortified Spanish position with which a state of war did not exist. Once or twice the truce was broken and the Spanish and Rifi artillery bombarded each other, but on the whole such incidents were rare, and a truce has always been patched up again with no semblance of any increased ill-will. Lately the Spanish Directory and the Madrid Press have not ceased to announce an approaching attack upon, and probable disembarkation this next week of Spanish forces at, Alhucemas Bay. Abdel Krim naturally considered this threat as a termination of the truce, and opened a sudden artillery, machine-gun, and rifle fire upon the Spanish fortified island."

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN I first met Mr. Chesterton at his home in Beaconsfield several years ago, I was surprised, and a bit disappointed, to find him considerably less voluminous than current tradition and early photographs had led me to expect. He was far from being a "hansom-cabful," as I had heard him described; and as for giving his seat in a tramway to three ladies, it would hardly be possible now to oblige two, even though they were possessed of the present modish figures. Recently I met him at a public dinner, and found the tendency towards svelteness still more marked; and again, within a fortnight, during a period of oppressive heat, another meeting seemed to reveal further diminution.

This progress towards accepted standards of beauty I find myself viewing with mixed sensations.

Having long cherished designs upon him as the subject for a Falstaffian portrait in oils, I am guilty of selfish concern when I see his beauty, from my point of view, fading. If I could have achieved, before the change, the more ambitious portrait I had in mind, I would gladly have congratulated him later on the transformation, if he really finds the change desirable. It is most unreasonable of me to want him to suffer, if suffer he did, until occasion presents to achieve my end, but I am sure that all admirers of Ingres's splendid "Bertin" (?) in the Louvre, and the superb Velasquez that hangs, I believe, in Vienna, of a man standing beside a classic column, can sympathise with my eagerness when I behold, in the life, a subject equally enticing as a study in form, and possessed of a wealth of intriguing psychology into the bargain.

Mention to Mr. Shaw, during a conversation about pictures, of the latter canvas brought from him the exclamation, "Chesterton to the life!" So, since this old friend of our subject also finds the resemblance so strong, I need have no regrets, as the record I desired to create exists from the hand of an incomparable master, and has awaited for nearly three centuries the reincarnation.

At a banquet held in the hall of the Inner Temple some months ago, Mr. Chesterton was called upon to speak. The occasion celebrated the centenary of the departure of Charles Lamb from his post in the India Office. A previous speaker had referred to Mr. Chesterton as a great contemporary essayist. Replying to this, he disclaimed all right to such a proud title, declaring that he really is not an essayist at all, but merely a writer of articles. His sincerity in this modest self-classification was obvious, and I could not but reflect that, if these are only "articles," it is greatly to be desired that the average of alleged essays be half as good. He seems to be able to write or speak about any given word or idea for as long a time as he chooses, and the result is invariably brilliant and entertaining. The amount of work that he is able to achieve has long been a source of general remark, and, with this output at its highest, appears *G.K.'s Weekly*, just to show us that he really was not exerting himself, after all. The ease with which he works, and the average of excellence of both his written and spoken product, leads me to suspect that what comes to us in either form is merely a sample of Mr. Chesterton's average musings during his waking existence. When he chooses to put pen to paper or to open his lips, we have the privilege of "listening in."

His appearance, when delivering an address, resembles that of a huge, absent-minded, and somewhat bashful boy, the likeness being further heightened by the light and youthful quality of his rather small



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER OF "OUR NOTE-BOOK": MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, CRITIC, DRAMATIST, AND POET.

voice. If at table, he is generally absorbed in arranging and rearranging objects in front of him between occasional glances at his audience; and the frequent high-pitched chuckle that punctuates his sentences has certainly not changed since he was a boy of twelve. Having no table furniture to occupy him, nor even a walking-stick with which to draw patterns—as he did on another occasion that I remember, at the opening of a recent exhibition of caricatures—the necessary accompaniment for his mental operations was provided by movements of one of his feet as he gazed, for the most part, at the floor.

In a characteristically whimsical way, he said that for some mysterious reason he had been asked to open the exhibition. Why, he could not imagine. It seemed just as open at the moment of his arrival as it could ever be. People were walking in with no difficulty at all. Evidently this was another surviving relic of a long-forgotten necessity that had decayed into a mere picturesque custom. He could hardly understand why anyone wanted to come to an exhibition, anyway, on a day when the heat was so oppressive. It would be a much more natural and comprehensible thing if they all rushed away at that moment in search of a cooler spot where refreshing drinks were to be had in unlimited quantities. Surely for crises like the existing one an exhibition room without walls should be designed. Perhaps there would be no place to hang the pictures; but that was surely a secondary consideration, to be taken care of after the first vital need was met.

Caricature, he continued, is a wonderful art, and one for which he has great respect. He himself had been caricatured innumerable times; no fewer than two designs representing him adorned the walls in the present show. He considered it a serious error to be there in person as well. It was terrible to have to come and show his poor self and be compared with such glorious creations. It would be so much better to stay away and allow these vastly finer conceptions to represent him than to present to the public the physical anticlimax. After all, caricature is the only

true portraiture. In these days of "modern" art, caricature stands as the last remnant of sane and conservative expression. When the present rapidly diminishing civilisation, so called, finally crumbles to dust, the next that arises, seeking for knowledge of us by sorting over the chaotic jumble of products of this time, will best be able to gauge us and judge of our appearance by our caricatures. But scant information can be gleaned from supposedly serious portraits that look like a palette that had been inadvertently dropped upon the floor, or an alleged landscape of intricate geometrical design bearing no resemblance to earth or sky, and suggesting nothing quite so much as a chart in the catalogue of an artist's colourman. It is upon the caricatures of the time that the future archaeologist and historian will have to depend for unexaggerated and reliable information. It is the only medium of expression that has remained sane, conservative, and free from the fevered distortion so fatal to truth in the other arts.

I wish that I could recall this amusing speech in all the whimsical fullness of the utterance. A bare outline only is attempted above, and, of course, not in the exact words of the speaker. At the conclusion he glanced at his delighted auditors and said—

"I declare this exhibition to be open."

Mopping his brow with a handkerchief, he came to the spot where I stood with a mutual acquaintance.

"You know Mr. Tittle, I

believe?" the latter remarked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "he had me on the operating table some time ago. It is frightfully hot to-day, isn't it?" he gasped.

"I was much amused recently at an article by yourself in which you dwelt upon the drawbacks and discomforts of 'fine' weather," I said.

"Oh, did I write about it?"—again applying the 'kerchief. He told me of a new workshop that he has built opposite his house at Beaconsfield since my visit there. It is probably more comfortable, but certainly less picturesque, than the tiny alcove that was formerly his study. He seemed to fill this minute enclosure as fully as if he were his own creation, Sunday, from that inimitable book, "The Man Who Was Thursday." I had chanced upon this volume only a few weeks before in a house in France, and I told him of the pleasure it had given me. His reply was interesting in that it revealed his humility concerning his achievements. He seemed to be filled with a detached curiosity about this work.

"It was written so long ago. I wonder what it is like, really! I will have to read it again some time. I remember the agonies of apprehension that I suffered when it was finished and about to be published! I was positive that it was the worst book that had ever been written! Looking back now, I think perhaps it may not be so very bad. I always feel that my writings are terrible just after finishing them, so it may be all right. I have thought sometimes that a play might be made of it."

"Yes," I agreed. "There is so much of action and fantasy in it. And for the cinema it would be perfect. With the development of photography as it is, all of the miracles you describe in your story could be presented in full detail."

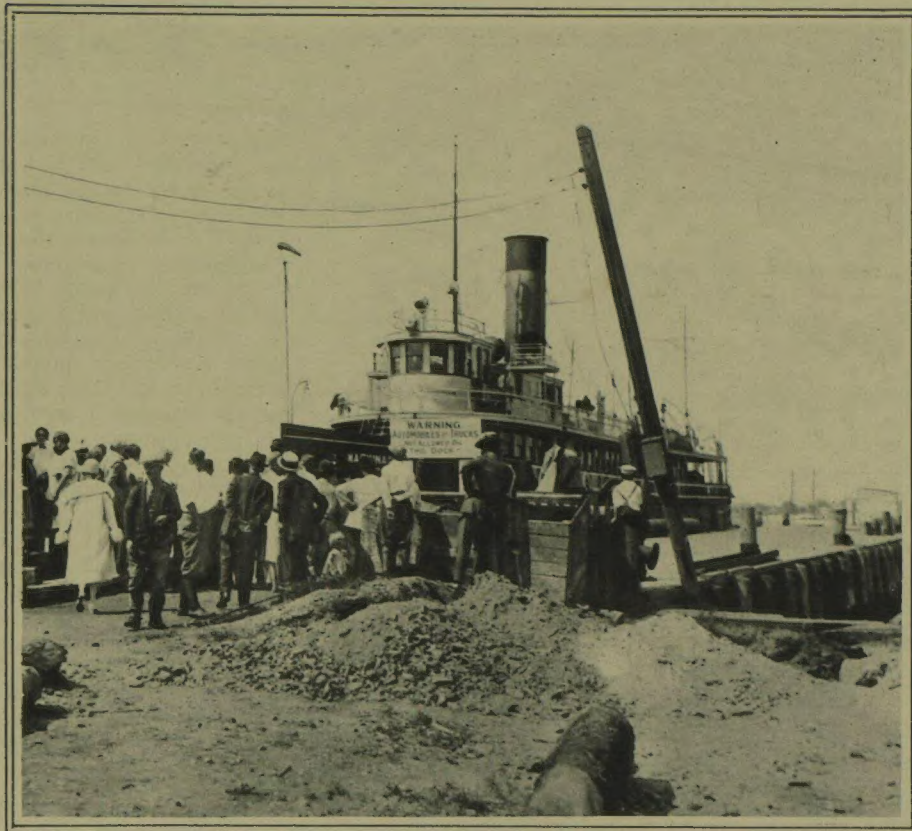
"I never thought of that before," he replied, with interest. "It is just the thing."

I look forward hopefully to seeing some day this amazing dream picture presented on the screen.

WALTER TITTLE.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: MEMORABLE EVENTS FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND SPECIAL PRESS.



AFTER THE BOILER EXPLOSION ON BOARD THAT KILLED 36 PEOPLE: THE "MACKINNAC," AN AMERICAN EXCURSION STEAMER, TOWED IN TO NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

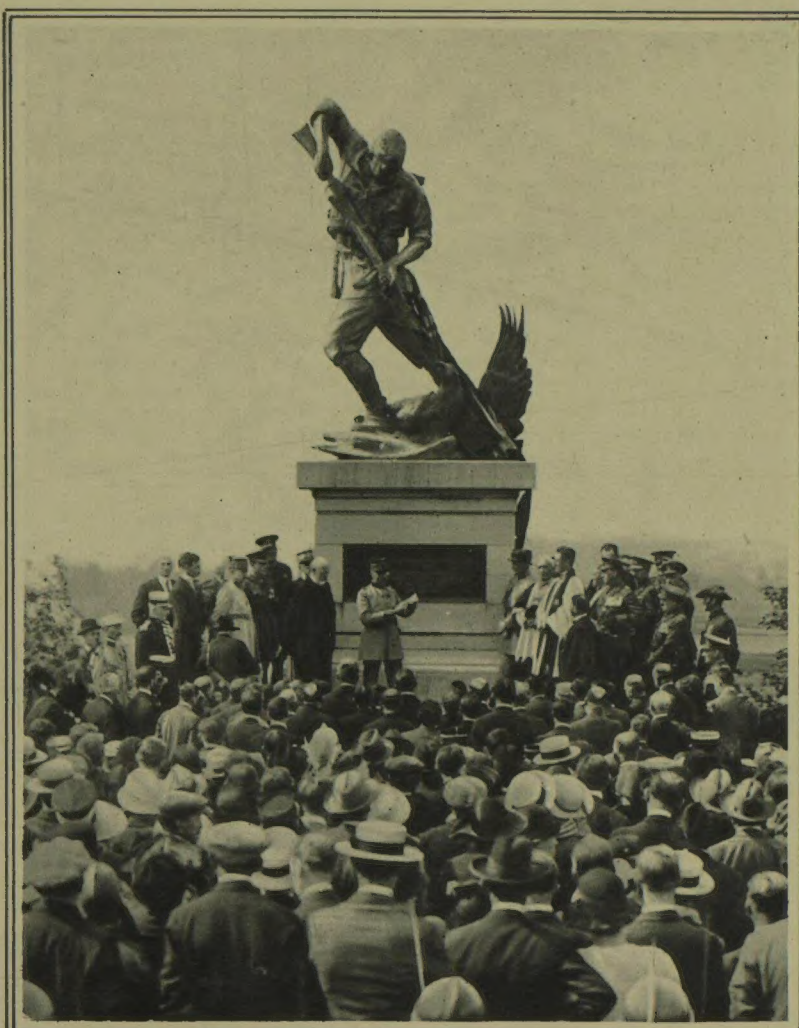


ARRIVED AT CROYDON WITH SOME £10,000,000 IN REPARATION BONDS: THE FIRST NEW GERMAN 3-ENGINED JUNKER ALL-METAL MONOPLANE SEEN IN ENGLAND.



THE JUBILEE OF THE FIRST "CONQUEROR" OF THE CHANNEL: THE MAYOR OF DOVER SPEAKING BESIDE THE MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN WEBB, WITH WELL-KNOWN SWIMMERS PRESENT.

A terrible boiler explosion (due, it was believed, to the bursting of a newly fixed patch) occurred, on August 18, on board the steamer "Mackinnac," as she was leaving Newport, Rhode Island, with 677 excursionists bound for Pawtucket. The number of deaths was given a few days later as 36, and about 40 other people were seriously scalded.—Under the provisions of the Dawes Reparations scheme German bonds to the value of £9,660,000 arrived by aeroplane at Croydon airport, from Berlin, on August 25. The machine was interesting as



UNVEILED BY MARSHAL FOCH (CENTRE) AND SIR JOSEPH COOK (NEXT TO LEFT): THE MEMORIAL TO MEN OF THE 2ND AUSTRALIAN DIVISION WHO FELL AT MONT ST. QUENTIN.



CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF OSTRICH PLUMES: A HUGE "PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS" IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

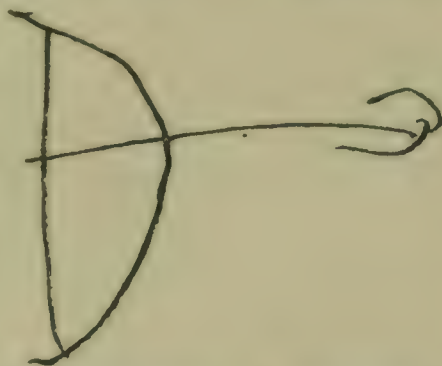
the first of the new triple-engined Junker all-metal monoplanes seen in this country.—The fiftieth anniversary of Captain Webb's historic swim from Dover to Calais, in 1875, was celebrated on August 25 at his memorial on Dover sea-front. Many well-known swimmers were present, including Mr. M. Holbein, who spoke.—Marshal Foch and Sir Joseph Cook (High Commissioner for Australia) unveiled, on August 30, the Australian War Memorial at Mont St. Quentin, near Péronne, the scene of a great Australian feat of arms.

THE ABORIGINES OF CEYLON: THE VEDDAS AS THEY LIVE.

"WILD CEYLON." By R. L. SPITTEL.*

IT has been said: "The worse the odour, the better the Vedda." That is by way of being a mild exaggeration. But it is true that the few remaining representatives of the forest folk who were Ceylon's aborigines have not much to boast about. They retain certain primitive virtues, but for the most part they are degenerate. Civilisation has smothered their simplicity, as the pythonic fig strangles the jungle giant. Few are of pure origin: Sinhalese, or Tamil, blood is in their veins. They undress the part for the traveller, but they have a modernity that is crushing their characteristics. Though it be a myth that they cannot laugh, there is little enough for them to laugh at.

Withal, they are prehistorically ignorant, save in matters of the chase and the collection of presents. Nomads, they spend months under trees and in caves, shifting, perhaps, to dilapidated communal shelters others have deserted; and wandering as they list: "we walk till our legs hurt, then we place our axes on the ground, sit down, take out our pouches, and chew a quid; that is our mile." Their clothing is of the scantiest: rags exiguous and dirty, with a charm or two, and with "wedding-ring" about the middle: "when a woman has tied round the waist of a man a string of her own twisting, he becomes her husband. This string, some six encircling loops, lasting practically a lifetime, is made of *niyande* (bow-string hemp), the long bayonet-shaped leaf of which is shredded to fibre by being drawn repeatedly between the palm of the hand and a bare branch."



MARKING A BOUNDARY: A *DHUNA HENA*, OR BOW-MARK, DRAWN BY A VEDDA.

In his own country, the land is the Vedda's only wealth. "By old Vedda law it is divided into *panguas* or shares, marked off by such natural land-marks as streams, rocks, or conspicuous trees scored with the *dhuna hena* (bow-mark) distorted beyond recognition with age."

Reproduced from "Wild Ceylon," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Simphin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.

known to succeeding generations, supplanting the other. A belief embodying the beautiful thought that we really do not die until those who knew us and loved us are also dead."

Superstitions notwithstanding, that is what it amounts to: precarious coming into the world; a perilous passage through it; a lonely going-out. For not even sprinkled sand upon a pool will keep magic under; and there are numberless evils: "It is . . . an ill omen to meet a Buddhist priest or Moorman when setting out on a journey, or to knock the big toe against a stone or stump. Should a gekko cry when a plan is under discussion, or a blood-sucker or Brahmin lizard fall on one, the portent is bad. . . . When a *kolaka* (a large gekko) quaintly cries 'Krok, krok,' a Vedda will seriously lean towards it and ask, 'Shall we shoot an ape to-morrow?' 'Krok,' says the *kolaka*, and the questioner's face falls, for here no answer is good news. Then there is that subtle thing the *kille*, an evil influence possessed by certain kinds of meat when eaten under circumstances too involved to explain. The flesh of pigs, peafowl, apes, and a species of fish (*urang*, *monerang*, *wandoorang*, *magurang*) are said to have this property."

Better, even, to rely upon the native pharmacopœia! Various barks are chewed, that long fasts may be endured. "There is *gonkuttuthalu* which they rub down with water and apply to the head for headaches; *meelala-pothu* which they smash up with *chunam* and use as a dressing for wounds; but for abrasions of the foot they will as soon rub in a little sand with the other heel. Python fat is used for fractures." And the knowing have skill. A sloth-bear tore the face of a venturesome Vedda. "This his father sewed up with a thorn and fibre, and doctored with a result that might have done credit to any surgeon."

As hunter, however, the Vedda is supreme. No longer is he vengeful enough to carry human liver in his betel bag that he may chew it and add fuel to his frenzy; no longer is the bow his chosen weapon, although he still makes fine specimens, with arrow feathered by owl or devil bird, or jungle cock, or crane, and tipped with flattened

iron. He is milder; and his arms are the gun and the axe.

He does not angle. "Fish abound in the forest streams, all bony and very indifferent eating. The Veddass catch these, not with rods or nets, but with poisons. The fruit, bark, or root of certain trees is smashed up and thrown into pools or banked waterways. The water is then stirred; as it gets stained, the fish become restless, and leap on to the bank, or turn belly upwards, stupified. They are collected and boiled with a little salt and a few chillies and eaten at once, or dried over a trestle like meat."

As honey-gatherer he is unique. Alive to the faintest hum, he tracks the bee to its lair and purloins the comb. The robbing of any hive is a simple thing for him—save in the case of the *bambara*, the great bee which builds high on the precipitous sides of vast rocks. There much courage and skill are called for. There are grave dangers in climbing the dangling cane ladders and cutting away the

combs by night, in a cloud of smoke and under the attack of defending bees whose stings may kill—and he receives for a potful of *bambara* honey a trifle of grain or a fragment of cloth!

In the forest proper he is in his element, whether he be after the fleet sambur or the succulent iguana; the grey ape whose flesh he loves, or the porcupine he abhors; big game or small. He is faithful to his name: "Vedda" originally meant "hunter." As an agriculturist he is useless. "It is truly a delight to travel with the Vedda and watch his ways. Moving silently, speaking no word except to 'hum' an animal call to attract each other's attention, they allow nothing to escape them, and read the ground like a book, indicating spoor where you see nothing. Becoming sceptical of such claims," writes Mr. Spittel, "I thought I would test the skill of one. Telling him to turn his face away, I tiptoed lightly on the bed of leaf that carpeted our path, and asked him to indicate my footprints. 'Here they are, and here,' he said, without a moment's hesitation. 'Why, it's easy; don't you see the leaves moved?' (I certainly did not, demonstrate he as hard as he might.) 'What is the difficulty for us to see a human foot-print here,' he continued, 'who can dog a moose-deer's trail on ground that shows less?'"

Even so, there are Veddass and Veddass: it is not given to all to retain this strongest of traits, and there are living "spoofs" like certain of the Danigalla Veddass. "For generations the classic show-Veddass of Ceylon, within easy reach of the Bible rest-house on the high-road, they and their ancestors had often been summoned to satisfy the enquiries of scientists, or the curiosity of casual visitors. On such occasions they would appear clothed in their poorest raiment, equipped with bows and arrows they seldom used, and, feigning ignorance of Sinhalese, would assume that moroseness and ferocity of expression they knew to be expected of them. What wonder then, that some of the impressions carried away gave as true a picture of the real Vedda as a performing animal of his wild brother?"

That is where Mr. Spittel wins honour. He knows a hawk from a handsaw, and he went far afield, ever ready to learn but not to be deceived. The *Times of Ceylon* has said, indeed: "Mr. Spittel probably interviewed every human being in the Island who has the remotest claim to Vedda ancestry." The result is a book of exceptional interest, somewhat erratically punctuated, but none the less with a captivating style.

E. H. G.



HENNEBEDDE VEDDAS: HANDUNA'S HOUSEHOLD.

Reproduced from "Wild Ceylon," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Simphin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.

"Divorce is as informal as marriage; the woman being merely returned to her parents or requested to go to whomsoever she chooses."

As to birth, it is as likely to take place on the march as in the one-roomed home. As to death, that is of the *hettha*, the devil. "When a person dies it is the *hettha* that killed him; and the *hettha* of the dead one remains by the corpse and haunts the vicinity for years. Hence the great fear these people have of their dead; a fear that makes them cover with leaves and abandon a dying person, be he or she their best beloved, lest their necks be squeezed in turn; a fear that keeps them away for years from caves where deaths have occurred. In the course of time the spirit of a dead person loses its individuality in a general spirit world, the spirits of the more recently dead, and therefore the better



TYPICAL VEDDAS OF GUNNER'S QUOIN: NAIDA AND HIS FAMILY.

Reproduced from "Wild Ceylon," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Simphin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.

* "Wild Ceylon: Describing in Particular the Lives of the Present-Day Veddass." By R. L. Spittel. Illustrated. (Simphin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., London; and The Colombo Apothecaries Company, Ceylon; 12s. 6d. net.)

SAVED FROM ELECTRIC TRAMS: AN ANTIQUE CORNER IN PERUGIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.



WHERE THE ÆSTHETE HAS LATELY VANQUISHED THE UTILITARIAN: PERUGIA—THE ANCIENT PALAZZO DEL POPOLO AND THE MAESTA DELLE VOLTE, A GATEWAY PAST WHICH IT WAS PROPOSED TO RUN ELECTRIC TRAMCARS.

The antique glories of Perugia have been rescued from violation by the devastating tram. So the lover of Italy's old cities will read with a sigh of relief, in "L'Illustrazione," which says: "The passionate controversy over the question of allowing trams to pass the Maesta delle Volte in Perugia appears to have abated and been settled. In order to connect certain quarters to the centre, the administration of the Commune had granted the tramway company the right of passage

through the Piazza by electric cars, which would have had to traverse the Maesta delle Volte. Hence the struggle between the conservative adorers of pure beauty and the innovators, or, as some put it, between the æsthete and the barbarian. Certainly the development of traffic and the urgent needs for new means of transport at times necessitate encroachment on the respect due to monuments and views. But it has to be shown that there is positive necessity."

WHAT THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL SEE IN CHILE: THE

DRAWINGS BY

NEXT DESTINATION OF OUR "ROYAL AMBASSADOR."

BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE PRINCE'S "FURTHEST WEST" IN SOUTH AMERICA: TYPICAL SCENES AND CHARACTERS

The Prince of Wales arranged to leave Argentina for Chile on September 6; he is expected back in Buenos Aires on the 16th, and on the 20th, according to present arrangements, he is to sail from Montevideo on his homeward voyage to Portsmouth. "One of the most interesting parts of the Prince's South American visit," writes our artist, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, "will be his journey over the Andes from Buenos Aires to the Chilean cities of Santiago and Valparaíso by the Transandine Railway, which bisects the South American continent. At the highest point during the winter it often becomes impassable, and passengers have to be conveyed over the pass on mule-back. There (on the highest pass) the famous 'Christus' of the Andes is to be seen, commemorating the pact between the two countries of Argentina and Chile for ever to live in peace with each other. At Llao Llao Junction, where all trains

IN CHILE, TO WHICH HE WILL TRAVEL FROM ARGENTINA BY RAIL ACROSS THE ANDES.

must pass, picturesque cholas—native women of the district dressed in white—will certainly try to sell the Prince the sweetmeat so popular in the country—'Besos' ('kisses'). At Santiago the saluting cannon which booms out at various set times during the day, and is perched on the heights of Santa Lucia, will give the royal visitor welcome in the capital city of Chile. Grand church and military fiestas will take place in his honour—Santiago being a very devout city, and prone to ecclesiastical displays. The soldiers are of German appearance in their drill and uniforms. The women all wear the manto, which is the prescribed dress for church and other occasions, and most becoming. Valparaíso has a wonderful harbour, vying with Rio for beauty, especially at night. Chile abounds with all types of churches of most picturesque designs, marking the path of the old conquistadores."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

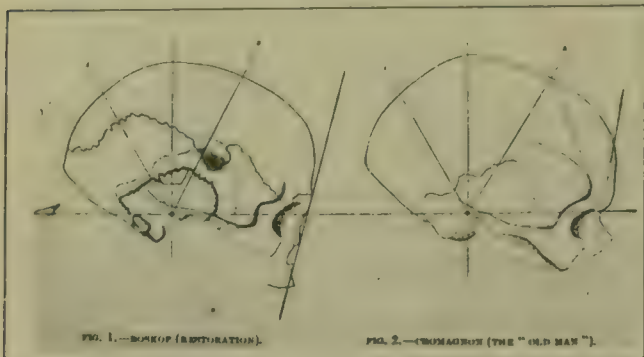


THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

OUR REMOTE ANCESTORS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

Additional interest is lent to the subject which Mr. Pycraft here discusses by Prof. M. R. Drennan's article about the native skull recently discovered in South Africa, given on page 432 of this number, with an opinion by Professor Elliot Smith.



SHOWING "CLOSE AGREEMENT": THE CONTOURS OF THE BOSKOP SKULL (L), AND THAT OF THE "OLD MAN" OF CRO-MAGNON (R.).

"The contour of the Boskop skull (left) is here shown, as restored, from the skull roof and the temporal bone, the ear-hole in which is marked by the convergence of a vertical and two oblique lines. The fragment of the temporal is marked by a jagged edge; the restored bone by a dotted line. The contour of the Cro-Magnon skull is shown on the right."

speak, in "the life before we lived this life," as Manning puts cannot but profit us. Unlike to ourselves as many of these ancient types appear, yet they have had a share in our ancestry. The blood of the men of the Neander type, such as is seen in the Galilee skull, which aroused such interest at the meeting of the British Association last week, with its huge, beetling brows, has probably no more than tinged ours, for we are the descendants of a mingling of various types of men who lived during the late Palæolithic Age.

Though still a cave-dweller, and still dependent on tools and weapons fashioned out of flint, our ancestor displayed a skill and fertility of imagination far in advance of the old, beetle-browed Mousterian or Neander man. And, besides, he had invented the use of bone tools, and, more than all, he displayed an extraordinary skill in both carving and painting. These are the first artists known to us, and their work, in many cases, will put to shame many moderns. At the moment this subject concerns me deeply, for I began writing these lines at the meeting of the British Association, where I have been discoursing on the number of species which are distinguishable among the living peoples of to-day, savage and civilised. And it has occurred to me that a brief outline of the way in which fossil skulls are restored, and their ancestry traced, might be acceptable to the readers of this page.

Let me, as an example, take the case of the Boskop man, on which I have just written a report, at the invitation of the authorities of the Port Elizabeth Museum, who sent me the remains for this purpose. This skull was represented only by its roof and a portion of the temporal bone, containing the ear-aperture, and the surface for the articulation of the lower jaw—two very important points of reference.

My first task was to find the probable position of this temporal bone in relation to the skull-roof. And, this done, I was enabled to construct the contour of the skull shown in the accompanying diagram. It was a remarkably large skull, and had a brain-capacity exceeding that of the average European of to-day. The great width across the roof, above the ear-holes, and the median furrow of that roof, pointed to an affinity with the Bushman. But it was vastly larger than any Bushman skull. Yet when the two contours were compared it was plain that the one was but a diminutive form of the other. Comparison with the older and extinct "Strandlooper" showed an even better fit. For this ancient race was less dwarfed.

More striking, and more important, was the close agreement which I found to obtain between the Boskop skull and that of the old cave-man of Dordogne, known as the Cromagnard. But the term "Cromagnard" has, unfortunately, been commonly applied to all the human remains of what is known as "the Reindeer period," as if all the skulls thereof showed a complete agreement. This is so far from being the case that I am insisting that henceforth our standard of the Cromagnard shall be founded on the first-discovered skull of this people, and known as the "Old Man of Cro-Magnon," not so much because it was the first, as because it presents striking characters shared by no other skull in the same degree. That is to say, all the others show evidence of intermixture with an alien race or races—descendants of the earlier Solutrian and Aurignacian peoples.

DISCUSSIONS on the men of long-past ages, of men who lived thousands of years before the Dawn of History, have been much to the fore of late. Most people, probably, find the theme of no more than passing interest. And this because they have never come to realise that these discoveries have an intimate bearing on our own history, enabling us to see ourselves, so to it. That insight

The remains of these peoples, in like manner, show that they were by no means one people, but belonged to more than one type. There are men and women to-day who can be definitely ascribed to these ancient peoples, since they present the same head-form, which is most persistent.

But more than this has emerged from the study of the skull of the Boskop man, and his relationship to the Cromagnard. If we could trace his ancestry—which we may yet do, for Mr. FitzSimons and Professor Dart are hard at work in South Africa examining every possible source of discovery—we should come at last to an amorphous stock, derived from a mingling of the primitive Eoanthropus, on the one hand, and the old Neander people on the other. In the process of emergence four most important branches came into existence—if we liken the development of the different types of men to the development of the branches of a tree. One of the branches gave rise to the Grimaldi people, found in a cave at Mentone. These were "Negroid" in character, but they were not definite Negroes. But from the same stock as the Grimaldi people came the Tasmanian, the Papuan, and the pygmy Negrito of the Andaman Islands, the Nicobars, Philippines, and New Guinea, for example. Another and larger branch gave us the Boskop man, the Bushman and Strandlooper, and the Negro and Negrillo, or African pygmy.

At the point of divergence of the Grimaldi and Boskop stems there arose another, which in course of time gave rise to the Cromagnards, the Mongolian, and Polynesian types, and what I propose should be called the Eu-Cromagnards—that is to say, the so-called "Alpines," the Nordics, the Mediterraneans, and the Hindi peoples.

The task of tracing out the affinities of the multitude of types, living and extinct, since the days of the old Neander man, is one of more than ordinary difficulty, owing to the fact that man, since the beginning, has not only been a wanderer, but has constantly mingled with alien races, so that we have no absolutely pure-bred types, such as we find among the lower animals, which mate only with their own kind. So long, indeed, has this been the case that occasional crosses between even nearly related species are infertile, though the ducks and the pheasant tribe are exceptions to this rule.

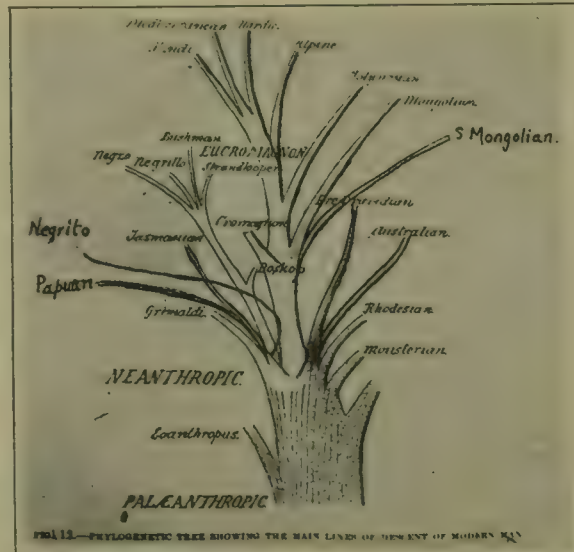
In the study of human types, from the point of view of the physical anthropologist — for he has nothing to do with "cultures" or languages, either of which can be, and have repeatedly been, imposed upon or adopted by widely different races — the skull is all-important.

Other parts of the skeleton are ancillary to this; while the colour of the skin, the nature and amount of the hair, the colour of the eyes, and stature are also valuable guides. So far, indeed, these have been given pride of place. But they are, without

question, subsidiary characters. This fact must henceforth be recognised.

taking types of these evidences of "miscegenation" or interbreeding with alien races.

I had the good fortune to be able to show this some years ago in the case of the Papuans and the Maoris among the Polynesians. In the course of my study of the Boskop skull I have found further and most convincing evidence of this method of tracing out the ancestry of the various "races"—or, as I now prefer to call them, "species"—of man. I went to the meeting of the British Association for the purpose of setting forth my views and making "converts" among my fellow anthropologists.



A "TREE OF DESCENT" OF THE MAIN LIVING RACES
OF MANKIND: A DIAGRAM SHOWING MANY BRANCHES
FROM THE PALEANTHROPIC "TRUNK."

PHOTOGRAPHS "TELEPHONED" ANY DISTANCE! A SCIENCE "MIRACLE."



TRANSMITTED FROM WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK, OVER A TELEPHONE CIRCUIT 220 MILES LONG, IN 7½ MINUTES! A PHOTOGRAPH OF INDIAN LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, PRINTED FROM AN UNTOUCHED NEGATIVE.

THE system of transmitting photographs over long telephone lines has been developed over a period of several years by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Telephone Laboratories Incorporated of America, and represents the association of numerous modern inventions. The simplicity of the method is such that a positive transparency, prepared by any photographer, could be sent while still wet over lines of practically any length in a few minutes, and after photographic development of the usual sort it is ready for newspaper or other reproduction. A photographic film, which is a transparent positive of the picture to be transmitted, is rolled inside a transparent cylinder. The cylinder and film are rotated at uniform speed, and at the same time advanced axially by a lead screw mechanism. During rotation a very fine beam of light passes through the transparent film, and impinges on a sensitive photo-electric cell which is mounted inside the cylinder. The intensity of the light impinging on the cell varies in accordance with the density of the film, and corresponding variations of current are produced in the cell. These variations are employed to modulate a "carrier" current having a frequency of 1300 cycles per second. The carrier current is transmitted over the line, and at the receiving end its varying amplitudes control a light-valve (a sensitive shutter device) which determines the amount of light impinging on a sensitised film attached to a cylinder similar to that employed at the transmitting end and rotating in synchronism with it. Thus the light and shade of the original are reproduced, but the received picture is a negative. The motion of the cylinders at the two ends is synchronised by tuning forks controlling a synchronising current, transmitted over the same circuit and separated by electric wave filters.



TRANSMITTED FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK (931 MILES) IN 7½ MIN.: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GIRL GOLFER—SHOWING THE DELICATE "SCREEN" USED IN THE PROCESS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION.



PRINTED FROM AN UNTOUCHED NEGATIVE TRANSMITTED FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK OVER A TELEPHONE CIRCUIT 931 MILES LONG, IN 7½ MINUTES: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIBRARY.



A SYSTEM OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN LONG-DISTANCE MEDICAL CONSULTATIONS: AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF A HAND TRANSMITTED FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO (931 MILES) IN 7½ MINUTES.

These examples of the new "miracle" of science—the transmission of photographs over telephone wires, over long distances in a few minutes—are now to be seen at the International Exhibition of Photography being held at Princes' Galleries, in Piccadilly, from September 1 to 19. The exhibition was organised by the Professional Photographers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd. Apart from the technical section, representing the history and development of photography, in which the above specimens are included, the general side of the exhibition is of great interest, as it contains a remarkably fine collection of

portraits and other photographic studies. The "telephonic" transmission of photographs can be applied also to letters and other documents, including the actual signatures, which lends authenticity to such communications. The method is also very important for medical purposes. The system was developed and the pictures made by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Telephone Laboratories Incorporated, in the United States. They are lent by the International Western Electric Company, Aldwych, London. The description (given above) is taken from the Bell System Technical Journal.

WAS SOUTH AFRICA "THE CRADLE OF MANKIND"?

PROFESSOR DRENNAN ON THE NEW CAPETOWN SKULL.

The following article is by Professor M. R. Drennan, who holds the Chair of Anatomy in Capetown University. In the dissecting room there he recently came across an unusually large skull of a Cape native (lately dead) closely resembling the famous Boskop fossil skull.

ONLY a few months ago there was discovered at Taungs, 84 miles north of Kimberley, the fossil skull of one of the higher, or man-like apes, named *Australopithecus africanus* by Professor Raymond Dart, of the University of the Witwatersrand. It is the first complete fossil skull of a man-like ape that has been found anywhere, the first ape to show a narrow high brain, resembling in shape that of man, instead of the broad, flat brain of all the apes. It would seem, therefore, that in this respect he, or she, had set foot on at least the lowest rung of the ladder of ascent towards man. Further, it shows that in Africa the tropical belt, and with it the denizens of the forest, such as the men-apes of Taungs, spread south in prehistoric times. Of this there is ample further evidence in the widespread remains of fossil tropical plants. The indications are, therefore, very much in favour of South Africa being what Darwin and his distinguished disciple Dart called "the cradle of mankind."

The Rhodesian skull, which rests in the South Kensington Museum, is a type of Neanderthal man, and its affinities to the Aboriginal Australian give all in the southern hemisphere much to reflect upon.

In 1913 there was discovered at Boskop, in the Transvaal, the top of a very large skull. This find, which is now referred to as the Boskop skull, was considered, by the experts who described it, as "no Bushman and certainly no Negro," but it had features of both of these races, and certain affinities to the Cromagnon race of Europe. This large-headed prehistoric race of Western Europe seems to have displaced the more primitive Neanderthaloid type. Now, here in South Africa there is abundant evidence of the works of prehistoric man, and indeed there is a representation of almost every phase of culture of Europe. In addition, there are actual living types still practising the industries of Neolithic and Glacial times in Europe.

It is no surprise, therefore, to find types of fossil man, corresponding to all the types of Europe. Investigation of the shelters and "middens" of our coasts reveals the record of the past history of man. Thus deep down in the floors we find the large-skulled Boskop types, which gradually lessen in size, until, at the surface, we find the present-day small-skulled Bushman types.

It is clear therefore that, just as in Europe the Cromagnon man preceded present-day races and is probably an element in existing populations—and anthropologists have identified and photographed the type in life—so here in South Africa it is likely that the large-headed Boskop type, which preceded modern natives, is incorporated in present-day races, and can crop up sporadically.

It was no surprise to us, therefore, when, in the course of anthropological examination of subjects for anatomical study, we recently came across a skull which was like the Boskop, "no Bushman and certainly no Negro." Rather was it that of a large-headed Hottentot, an undetermined type lying somewhere between the Bushman and the Negro, with affinities to the Boskop "race." The skull will have to be submitted to a rigorous analysis, but, so far as we have gone, its primitiveness is very definite. In the same way we are prepared for reversions to an even older type. The sporadic cropping-up of the brow-ridges of Neanderthal man and the low forehead can be recognised in every large group of mankind. The intermingling of the characters in crossing has been too great for it to be likely that a complete Rhodesian man will be found, but when we come across, as recently, a Kaffir's skull with a palate wide and deep as that of the Rhodesian skull (and the Rhodesian muzzle is his most primitive point), we believe evolution is much nearer than it seemed at one time to be.

PROFESSOR ELLIOT SMITH ON PROFESSOR DRENNAN'S DISCOVERY.

The following article is by Professor Elliot Smith, F.R.S., who holds the Chair of Anatomy in the University of London. In it he discusses Professor Drennan's discovery in relation to others, and the general question whether Africa was the "cradle" of "Homo Sapiens."

IN the masterly address recently delivered by General Smuts, as President of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science, attention was focussed upon the vast natural resources of South Africa as material for scientific research. In particular, General Smuts paid a graceful tribute to the

enthusiastic band of young men who were demonstrating what a wonderful museum of anthropology South Africa is.

Ten years ago, when the late Dr. Peringuey sent me a cast of the fossil skull of Boskop, the nearest analogy I could discover was one of the so-called Strandlooper skulls described by my friend Dr. Shrubbsall; and I failed to detect in this enormous fossil skull any close affinity with the small heads of the living Bushmen and Hottentots.

Since then a great deal of new information has come to light; in particular, the very important discovery (described in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 21, 1921), made by Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, at Zitzikama. The human remains were studied by Professor Raymond Dart, and subsequently in detail by his assistant, Dr. Gordon Laing, who has recently written a full report on these Strandlooper skulls, in which he claims that these ancient cave-dwellers and midden-makers of South Africa represent a fusion of men of the Boskop type with

Bushmen. Moreover, both he and Professor Dart have been claiming that "traces of Boskop ancestry are constantly discernible" through the native races of South Africa. The skull discussed on this page by Professor Drennan seems to afford some corroboration of this claim. Its form presents a fairly close approximation to that of the fossilised skull from Boskop; and it seems to have attracted special attention by reason of its large dimensions, one of the obtrusive features also of the Boskop skull, which, as I pointed out ten years ago, once contained a brain as big as the great Prince Bismarck's. But the mere size of the brain is not necessarily a feature of special significance. A variety of pathological conditions may cause an increase of the brain's capacity, not only without a corresponding increase in intelligence, but usually with marked deterioration.

In my own experience in the Cairo Medical School, I have seen several examples of unknown Africans, with brains quite as big as that described by Professor Drennan. The interest of the skull, however, depends not so much on its size as the fact that it serves to direct attention to the survival in the modern population of South Africa of traits suggestive of a type such as the discovery of the Boskop fossil has made known to us.

On the threshold of Asia a perfectly typical example of the Neanderthal species of Man has just been found (the Galilee Man shown in *The Illustrated London News*, Aug. 15, 1925). In Rhodesia four years ago, an even more primitive species was discovered (the Rhodesian Man, shown in *The Illustrated*

London News, Nov. 19, 1921), under circumstances that suggest the possibility of its survival until relatively recent times. It is obvious, then, that for many tens of thousands of years a variety of types of mankind must have roamed to and fro in Africa. Amongst these it is more likely than not that the immediate ancestors of the species to which all men now living belong were numbered.

The earliest-known members of the species *Sapiens*, which suddenly intruded into Europe in Aurignacian times, almost certainly reached Western Europe and the Riviera from Africa. The Boskop skull reveals traits in some respects suggestive of Aurignacian man, but with a degree of flattening that may represent an approach to the more primitive Neanderthal type. This prompts the query, to which, as yet, no answer can be given, was Africa the cradle of *Homo Sapiens*?



REMARKABLE FOR LENGTH AND CRANIAL CAPACITY: THE NEW BOSKOPOID SKULL OF A MODERN CAPE NATIVE (R.) COMPARED WITH THAT OF A TYPICAL MODERN BUSHMAN (L.).

"The great length of the Capetown 'Boskopoid' skull (212 millimetres) exceeds that of the Boskop skull (205 m.m.). It is therefore one of the longest skulls on record. Its cranial capacity (2000 cubic centimetres) makes it almost unique in point of size. The average capacity of European skulls is about 1500 c.m., that of Negroes 1400, and that of Bushmen 1300." All the skulls here shown are those of men.



STRIKINGLY ALIKE: THE NEWLY FOUND SKULL OF A MODERN CAPE NATIVE (R.) AND A CAST OF THE PREHISTORIC BOSKOP SKULL (CENTRE), AS CONTRASTED WITH A TYPICAL MODERN BUSHMAN'S SKULL (L.).

Photographs by Koupel, Capetown. By Courtesy of Professor M. R. Drennan.

A SIGHT TO ASTONISH COVENT GARDEN: A HEAD-LOAD OF RICE.

By COURTESY OF THE "TIMES OF INDIA ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY." PHOTOGRAPH BY P. SIMPSON.



A GRANARY BORNE ON THE HEADS OF FOUR PORTERS: A HUGE BASKET OF RICE FOR STORAGE UNDER A RAISED DWELLING IN BURMA, WHERE THE INDIAN LABOURER IS MORE STRENUOUS THAN THE NATIVE.

Even the stoutest of Covent Garden porters might look askance at such a head-load as the above, though divided among four men. In a note on the subject the "Times of India Weekly Illustrated" says: "Rice, the national food of India, is the staple product of Burma. The grain is stored in these enormous baskets, which are made from bamboo, and are plastered with mud to prevent

destruction of the grain from damp or vermin. They are stacked under the raised dwellings of the owners. . . . After reaping, which is often done by Indians, the paddy is brought from the fields to specially prepared threshing-floors. The industry provides employment for many thousands of Indians, as the Burman does not excel at strenuous exercise of any kind."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a certain fascination in tracing the growth of an artist's work from seed to flower, and marking the point where the bud of originality began to open. This fascination is increased when the work involves ethical questions and the study of character; still more when the career has been brief, and we turn from what has been to speculate on what might have been.

These reflections are suggested by a large album volume entitled, "THE UNCOLLECTED WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY." With an Introduction by C. Lewis Hind (John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd.; 42s. net). A special edition, limited to 110 copies, has also been issued, at ten guineas net. The frontispiece is a portrait of Beardsley from the painting by Jacques Blanche, now in the National Portrait Gallery, and is followed by several other portraits (two drawings by Walter Sickert, a caricature by Max Beerbohm, and three photographs taken at various ages in boyhood). The rest of the 162 plates are reproductions of Beardsley's own drawings, arranged, more or less, in the reverse order of his development, beginning with mature examples and working back to boyish efforts of his school-days. Many of the drawings and sketches, including some contained in private letters to friends, have never before been published.

The collection is remarkable for its contrasts, ranging from the height of the artist's achievement, through a transition stage of commonplace mediocrity, down to the crudest puerilities. Beardsley's derivative stage, when he was influenced by Morris, Burne-Jones, and Walter Crane, is represented by some of his numerous illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur." The authentic Beardsley, "when [as Mr. Hind says] he had become his own flashing, humorously cynical, incomparable self," appears in such drawings as "Les Passades" (from the winter number of *To-day*, Nov. 17, 1894); the original cover design for the first number of "The Savoy"; "The Mirror of Love," the illustrations to Poe's Tales; and "The Comedy Marionette." Of peculiar interest is the colour reproduction of "his single experiment" in oil painting, "A Caprice," now in the National Gallery of British Art. Another colour-plate is a water-colour sketch (from a letter to G. F. Scotson-Clark) of a picture in Whistler's Peacock Room, which Beardsley had just visited. Whistler, who was one of his heroes in art, did not at first like his work, but Mr. Hind recalls "a touching episode as told by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. The scene was Whistler's studio in Paris, and Beardsley was there with the inevitable portfolio. The Master looked through the drawings, and then said, 'Aubrey, I have made a mistake. You are a great artist.' And the boy," says the chronicler, "burst into tears."

Besides the many facsimile pages from letters to Scotson-Clark, with incidental sketches, there is an engagingly self-confident one to Mr. Frederick H. Evans, the Queen Street bookseller, about Beardsley's illustrations to "The Shaving of Shagpat." "All now depends," he writes, "upon the Immortal George. I am collecting my Persianesques, etc., to show him. I feel quite sure myself that he will like my work. This evening I dashed off a fine head of Shagpat—a most mysterious and Blake-like affair which simply ought to fetch the master." Pictorial comments on other famous men appear in caricatures of Oscar Wilde and Bradlaugh and drawings of Chopin and Paganini. Beardsley's own career is compared by Mr. Hind to those of Watteau and Stevenson. "Like them and other consumptives of genius, he worked feverishly to checkmate death by winning early and lasting fame."

Mr. Hind recalls some memorable incidents in Beardsley's short life, such as his first meeting, in 1892, with the late Mr. John Lane. "It resulted in the publication in 1894 of the first issue of 'The Yellow Book,' and of 'Salome.' These made Beardsley famous, and created the appellation of 'The Beardsley Period,' to describe this gesture of the 'Nineties, or 'The Naughty 'Nineties,' as some have called those *fin de siècle* years." Mr. Hind's first encounter with Beardsley, who, as a result, contributed to "The Studio" and the *Pall Mall Budget*, took place on a certain Sunday afternoon at the house of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. The critic-editor was at first rather bored at being asked to resume his weekday task of examining an artist's work, but he ended by saying to himself, "Either I'm crazy or this is genius." Luckily for Mr. Hind, it was genius. A quotation from Mrs. Meynell is given to express "the reaction of Aubrey Beardsley

on a fastidious, stored, and Christian mind," which recognised his genius but loathed his subjects.

Though admitting that Beardsley possessed "an intuitive knowledge of things hidden and evil," Mr. Hind puts in a word for the defence. "I shall always hold that his pen was worse than his life; and I can say that, in all the years of our intercourse, I never knew him, in word or deed, anything but a lighthearted, intelligent youth, full of fun, enjoying every moment of the day, laughing at most things, but intensely serious about his art." Another friend—Aymer Vallance—writes: "He had a sort of impishly mischievous pleasure in shocking people—that was all." Mr. Hind mentions that, a year before his death, Beardsley joined the Church of Rome, and sees no reason to suppress (in view of its publication abroad) the pathetic letter which he wrote during his last illness at Mentone, "in my death agony," imploring a publisher "to destroy all copies of 'Lysistrata' and bad drawings."

It is pleasanter to revert to the joyous days of his boyhood, when he drew programmes for home and school theatricals, and did comic illustrations to Virgil's "Æneid." There is no trace of the morbid or the macabre in those hilarious caricatures of pious Æneas, "by Beardslus de Brighthelmstoniensis"—the signature indicating a state of pupilage at Brighton Grammar School. Mr. Hind disclaims responsibility for the inclusion of all these juvenilia, but thinks it was well to collect them, for "only thus can we obtain a complete view of this genius—this Insurance



IN MEMORY OF THE MANY HOP-PICKERS "WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR OLD ENGLAND": A NOTABLE WAR MEMORIAL WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED TO UNVEIL DURING THE PRESENT "HOPPING" SEASON IN KENT.

The Hop-Pickers' War Memorial, the unveiling of which was fixed to take place during the present "hopping" season in Kent, stands at Paddock Wood, near Tunbridge Wells, the centre of the industry. It is inscribed, "In happy memory of old friends, who loved hopping and who loved this place very dearly, who gave their lives for Old England and for us. 1914-1918.—Lord, all-pitying Jesu blest, Grant them thine eternal rest." Within the last week or so there has been the customary annual migration of thousands of Londoners to the Kentish hop-fields.

Photograph by Special Press.

clerk who became a great artist." Here, as it happens, I find myself on common ground with Beardsley—topographically speaking—for a few years after he left the Guardian (where he was in the Fire Department, 1890-2), I, as a new clerk, entered the portals of the old Pelican just over the way. Moreover, it befell me in after years to revise a history of the Guardian, which records that Beardsley was there with Horace Mills, subsequently actor and dramatist, and how "these two artistic souls used to relieve the monotony of office routine by entertaining their colleagues with exhibitions of their respective talents." When first advised to make art his profession, Beardsley smiled: "What! and give up making out Insurance policies in Lombard Street? Impossible!" I never saw Beardsley in the flesh, for he had been dead some three years when I was with Mr. Lane at The Bodley Head, but the fact of having trodden in his footsteps (literally, not metaphorically) both in Vigo Street and Lombard Street, affords me a sense of association with him. Peace be to his soul!

The fact that Aubrey Beardsley emerged on an unsuspecting world from Brighton Grammar School leads naturally to the record of a great educator associated with Sussex—namely, "NATHANIEL WOODARD: A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE." By Sir John Otter (The Bodley Head; 15s. net). Sir John was for some years Mayor of Brighton. His book is an important one, for Nathaniel Woodard did a great work for middle-class education, on High Church

principles, and, though he has been dead for thirty-five years, no biography of him has hitherto been published. I will frankly confess that I had never heard of him; but apparently I am not singular in this respect, for he was a man who studiously avoided personal publicity. Even the "Encyclopædia Britannica" accords him only an incidental reference under the heading of Shoreham (where he started his first school), and mis-spells his name as "Woodward." In view of the prevailing ignorance about him, I think it would have been well to specify briefly at the outset, by name, the institutions which he founded, instead of referring vaguely to "the Society."

The preface and opening chapter do not, in my opinion, sufficiently establish the man's personality so as to grip at once the reader's sympathetic attention. Before reaching his main life-story, we are plunged into theological controversy in a long epistolary duel with his Bishop, who had charged him with Romish tendencies expressed in a sermon on Confession. Reading on, I gradually realised the deep interest and significance of Woodard's career, and learnt that the group of graded middle-class public schools which he founded, by means of the Society of St. Nicholas College (the name occurs with several variations), includes also Lancing, Hurstpierpoint, Denstone, Ellesmere, Ardingly, and Taunton. Woodard planted public schools, in fact, as an ordinary man might plant potatoes, and a fair-sized booklet might be made of the

Latin inscriptions on his foundation-stones. He was a great organiser, and he was supported by many of the most distinguished men of his time, including both Gladstone and Lord Salisbury.

Sir John Otter has written a very able and interesting account of a unique educational movement, and my only regret is that he has kept himself, and the personal side of his subject generally, rather too much in the background. Not until the last page but five does he mention his own relationship, as son-in-law, to Mr. Woodard, while the latter's early marriage and family life are very briefly touched on, and his second marriage is dismissed in seven words. In occasional passages, however, Sir John shows that his father-in-law was a man of humour and conviviality among his intimates, and that he himself can write delightfully in an amusing vein. An example is the character-sketch of Archdeacon Denison, who, among other idiosyncrasies, "knew all the secrets of Cheddar cheese." It is also told of him that "He had some odd tastes. He papered the walls of his study at East Brent with copies of *The Illustrated London News*." That, I think, redounds to his credit; it was certainly an improvement on some Victorian wall-papers.

An attractive sporting book which has just come to hand is "HUNTING SONGS," by R. E. Egerton Warburton. Illustrated in colour by Lionel Edwards (Constable; 14s. net). It belongs to a series called the

Lionel Edwards Gift Books, very popular through the work of that well-known artist, examples of which have often appeared in this paper. Two from the new volume are given in colour on page 435 of the present number, with extracts from the poems which they illustrate. All but one of the eight colour-plates in the book represent scenes of foxhunting, and the exception—a moorland landscape with stags—accompanies a song that is also in praise of Reynard, beginning:

Stags in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o!
Web-footed otters are spear'd in the lochs;
Beasts of the chase that are not worth a Tally-ho!
All are surpass'd by the gorse-cover fox.

These old hunting songs relate to the Cheshire country, and, as indicated by the dates attached to them and the notes, were written mostly between 1830 and 1860. As no biographical particulars are given of the author, it may be of interest to recall that Rowland Eyles Egerton-Warburton (1804-91) was the owner of Arley Hall, Cheshire, and was High Sheriff of the county in 1833. He wrote his spirited verses to amuse himself and fellow foxhunters at meetings of the Old Tarporley Club. "Hunting Songs," first published in 1846, ran through many editions, and was followed by several other volumes. For the last seventeen years of his life he was totally blind.—C. E. B.



Reynard in Colour and Song

FROM "HUNTING SONGS." BY R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY LIONEL EDWARDS. BY COURTESY OF THE
PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. CONSTABLE. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 434.)

"This gallant fox, in Tarwood found,
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground;
Had sought in cover, left or right,
No shelter to conceal his flight;
But nigh two hours the open kept,
As stout a fox as ever stept!
That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met;

Still Rumour says of that array
Scarce ten lived fairly through the day.

Ah! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind?

Though Cokethorpe seem one open plain,
'Tis flash'd and sluic'd with many a drain,
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
From Bampton to the river's bounds
The race was run o'er pasture grounds;
Yet many a horse of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan;
For blackthorns stiff the fields divide
With watery ditch on either side.

'O heed me not, but ride away!
The Tarwood fox must die to-day!'"

Extract from "Tarwood."

"AND HE WHO CLEARS THOSE DITCHES WIDE
MUST NEEDS A GOODLY STEED BESTRIDE."

From the Painting by Lionel Edwards.

"Before the pack for many a mile
A Fox had sped in gallant style;
But gasping with fatigue at last,
The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast;
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With draggled brush and stealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,
So springing, heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes;
To him it seems a bed of roses,
As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that bush, his fears allay'd,
He many a sage reflection made;
'Tis true, whene'er I stir,' he cried,
'The brambles wound my bleeding side,
But he who seeks may seek in vain
For perfect bliss; then why complain?
Since, mingled in one current, flow
Both good and evil, joy and woe;
O let me still with patience bear
The evil, for the good that's there.
'Howe'er unpleasant this retreat,
Yet every bitter has its sweet;
The brambles pierce my skin, no doubt,
The hounds had torn my entrails out.'"

*Extract from "The Fox and the Brambles."
A Fable.*



"WITH DRAGGLED BRUSH AND STEALTHY PACE
STILL ONWARD FOR HIS LIFE HE FLIES."

From the Painting by Lionel Edwards.

A FEATHERED "GULLIVER" AND HIS LILLIPUTIAN PERSECUTORS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LIEUT. BARRETT TALBOT-KELLY, M.C., R.A. SHOWN AT THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 1925.



"THE STRANGER. (A SNOWY OWL MOBBED BY TITS)."

BY BARRETT TALBOT-KELLY.

DRAWING COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

IN SCOTLAND, THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE: GROUSE; AND TROUT-FISHING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



A WELCOME SIGHT TO A GROUSE-SHOOTING PARTY ON THE CLUNIE MOORS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE: A GOOD COVEY OF BIRDS FLYING OVER THE BUTTS, DURING A RECENT "SHOOT."



PURSUING THE SPORT OF IZAAK WALTON AMID PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS: FISHING FOR TROUT FROM A BOAT ON THE LOCH AT AVIEMORE, IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

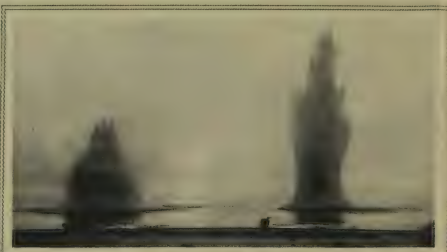
Sport in various forms is in full swing in the Highlands, to which a large proportion of Society always repairs after the London season. Our upper photograph shows a good covey of grouse coming over the butts during a recent "shoot" by Mr. H. F. Chamen and his party over the Clunie moors, in Inverness-shire. The same county provides ideal places for the angler in search of trout, as on the loch at Aviemore, shown in the lower illustration. In Scotland,

it may be noted, the close season for trout is from October 15 to February 28. In England the season varies according to local regulations, but, with a good many exceptions, the capture of trout in England and Wales is forbidden between October 2 and February 1. Grouse-shooting, of course, begins both in England and Scotland on August 12, partridge-shooting on September 1, and pheasant-shooting on October 1.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: THE
AND OTHER NEW



PREPARING TO DESTROY THE GERMAN U-BOAT THAT SANK THE "LUSITANIA": A DIVER ENTERING THE SEA OFF THE COAST OF DENMARK TO LAY MINES IN THE "U-20," LYING IN SHALLOW WATER.



THE LAST OF AN INFAMOUS GERMAN WAR-SHIP: THE EXPLOSION THAT DESTROYED THE "U-20," WHICH, SANK THE "LUSITANIA," AND GROUNDING OFF THE DANISH COAST AT THE TIME OF THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.



A HISTORIC AMERICAN HOUSE TO BE REMOVED AND RE-ERECTED NEXT YEAR IN AN EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA (400 MILES AWAY): LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE AT PORTLAND, MAINE.



AUTHOR OF MUCH-DISCUSSED "MEMOIRS": SIR ALMERIC FITZROY, EX-CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.



A NEW COIN NAMED AFTER SILVER PIECE ISSUED IN 1925 FROM THE SYMBOLIC BIRD REPUBLIC (VERSE)

PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. HELENA;
TOPICAL ITEMS.



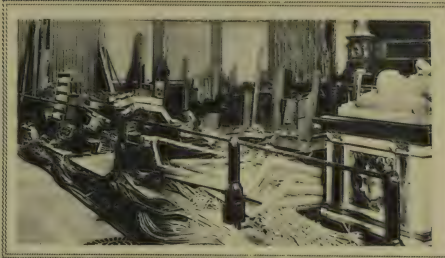
THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE OF THE AIR FORCE: A DESTROYER RAISING THE R.A.F. BIPLANE THAT FELL INTO THE SEA OFF DEAL, WITH TWO AIRMEN, WHO WERE SAVED.



A BIRD: THE QUETZAL, A GUATEMALA, AND SO CALLED IN THE ARMS OF THAT AND REVERSE.



MOTHER OF THE LATE LORD NORTHCLEFFE, AND OF LORD ROTHERMERE: THE LATE MRS. HARMSWORTH.



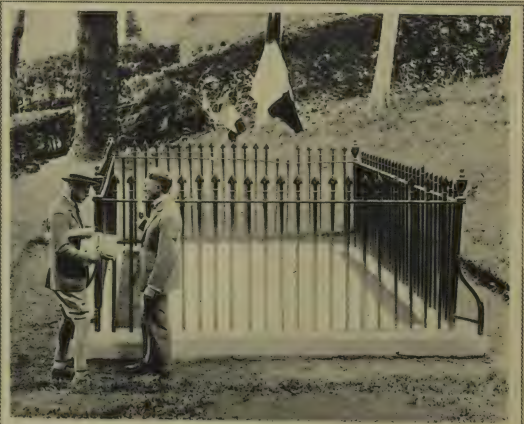
DELAYED BY A STRIKE OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS: THE DISMANTLING OF THE GREAT ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S—A HEAP OF PIPES, AIR-TUBES, AND OTHER PARTS NUMBERED FOR REMOVAL.



WOMEN MAGISTRATES STUDYING AT OXFORD: A CLASS OF J.P.'S ATTENDING THE SUMMER SCHOOL HELD AT ST. HILDA'S HALL, ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THEIR WORK.



PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTSSE LASCELLES AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL SCOTS: PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 4th-5th BATTALION IN THE KING'S PARK AT EDINBURGH.



HOLDING LAS CASES' BOOK PRESENTED BY M. COLIN (RIGHT), CUSTODIAN OF LONGWOOD: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT NAPOLEON'S EMPTY TOMB ON ST. HELENA.



FOLLOWING A CUSTOM OF NAPOLEON, WHO DISCOVERED A SPRING AT THIS SPOT, NEAR WHICH HE WAS AFTERWARDS BURIED: THE PRINCE DRINKING OF ITS WATERS.



OPPOSITE A WEeping 'WILLOW SENT FROM FRANCE BY MARSHAL FOCH: THE PRINCE (SECOND FROM FOREGROUND) PLANTING AN OLIVE-TREE BY NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

The German submarine "U-20," which torpedoed the "Lusitania" on May 7, 1915, grounded a year later, at the time of the Battle of Jutland (May 31, 1916) in shallow water off the west coast of Denmark, and remained there, a constant danger to shipping. On August 25 last this craft of evil memory was blown up by order of the Danish Government.—On August 25 an R.A.F. aeroplane from Sheerness, manned by Sergeant Ward and Leading Air-Craftsman G. Carruthers, fell into the sea off Deal. The airmen were rescued by a passing motor-boat. The wrecked machine was salvaged by a destroyer.—The house where Longfellow was born, in 1807, at Portland, Maine, is next year to be taken down in sections and conveyed by boat 400 miles to Philadelphia, to be re-erected there at the sesquicentennial Exhibition.—On June 30, the anniversary of the revolution of 1871, the South American Republic of Guatemala issued new coinage under a law passed on November 26, 1924. The *quetzal*, so named from the symbolic bird in the Guatemalan arms, is a silver coin resembling an American dollar, and about equal in weight to French and Belgian five-franc pieces, the Spanish *douro*, and the Uruguayan *peso*.—Mrs. Harmsworth,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. C.N., PHOTOGRAPHS, KEVSTONE, LASARETTE, "DAILY MAIL," L.N.A., CENTRAL PRESS, AND

whose maiden name was Geraldine Mary Maffett, was born in Ireland in 1838, of Ulster descent and sympathies. At twenty-six she married Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, then a schoolmaster, who on her advice became a barrister. Last year she and her eldest surviving son, Lord Rothermere, commemorated him by giving £60,000 to the Middle Temple for the "Alfred Harmsworth Memorial Fund." Mrs. Harmsworth is survived by seven sons and three daughters. With the late Lord Northcliffe (her eldest son) she visited the late President Roosevelt at Washington.—A fortnight's summer school for women Justices of the Peace was recently opened at St. Hilda's Hall, Oxford, for the study of prison and licensing reform, poor law, and criminal psychology.—The Prince of Wales, during his voyage from South Africa to South America, landed at St. Helena on August 4 and spent two days there. He was deeply interested in the records of Napoleon's exile, and visited his home at Longwood, now the residence of M. Georges Colin, the French Consular Agent and Custodian of Napoleon's now-empty tomb. M. Colin presented the Prince with a copy of Las Cases' "Mémorial de St. Hélène" and a strip of wall-paper from Napoleon's dining-room.

OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N. PORTRAIT OF MRS. HARMSWORTH AFTER THE PAINTING BY PHILIP DE LASZLO.

RURAL FRANCE SUGGESTS A BALL-ROOM NOVELTY: BROOMSTICKS AND "WITCH-FINDING"—A CURIOUS LOCAL CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY JAN GORDON.



BELIEVED TO BE A SURVIVAL FROM MEDIÆVAL WITCH-FINDING PRACTICES: A REMARKABLE SUMMER FESTIVAL AT NAJAC, WHERE DANCERS IN THE MARKET PLACE CROUCH DOWN AND ANYONE STANDING UP IS ATTACKED BY MEN WITH BESOMS.

The old town of Najac, near Villefranche, in the Department of Aveyron, in southern France, observes some very curious local customs, one of which—the annual “Bun” festival in August—was illustrated in a drawing by Mr. Spurrier in our last issue. The whole town is *en fête* for this annual event, the principal feature of which is a procession through the streets, headed by men carrying an enormous “bun,” of a peculiar oval shape, raised aloft on poles. “After the Fête of the Bun in August,” writes Mr. Spurrier in a note on the above drawing, “there is a dance held in the Market Place. It is an old dance,

reminiscent (possibly) of ‘Witch Finding.’ At first the people all join hands as for a *farandole*, just running round in lines or circles; then the music suddenly changes from fast to slow time, and two men armed with besoms jump into the circle, whereupon all the dancers must crouch down. Anybody standing up will get a smack across the face with the broom. The broom-men jump over the crouching dancers to reach anybody who dares to stand up.” Organisers of dances in search of new interludes might take a hint from this picture.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ARE CRUMBLING: PINNACLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



SERIOUS DEEAY IN THE EXTERNAL STONE-WORK OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER: MEN AT WORK ON FAULTY MASONRY—SHOWING THE LANTERN TOWER AND BIG BEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



SHOWING FRAGMENTS, FALLEN FROM TURRETS, POTTERY WORKS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE MASONRY ON THE

TURNING TO PILLARS OF "EPSOM SALTS"; A £1,000,000 TASK.

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LYING ALONG THE BASE OF THE ROOF, AND OF THE RIVER: TREATMENT OF CRUMBLING HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



WORKING ON A NARROW PLATFORM AT A DIZZY HEIGHT ON THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: MEN LIFTING OFF A SMALL PINNACLE BROKEN AT THE BASE.



"CARLYLE'S ROW OF PEPPER-POTS" IS MELTING INTO UNWELCOME PHYSIC: CRUMBLING TURRETS ON THE RIVER FAÇADE, SHOWING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



SOME OF THE 35 TONS OF STONE-WORK REMOVED FROM THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS: FRAGMENTS OF CRUMBLING MASONRY.



TYPICAL OF THE CRACKS THAT HAVE DEVELOPED IN THE EXTERNAL STONE-WORK: A PINNACLE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



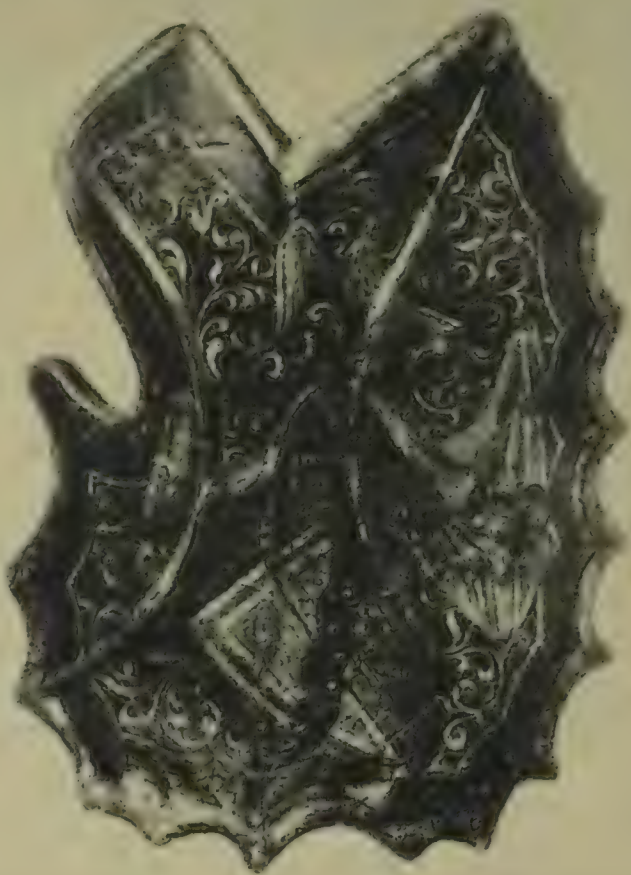
HOW THE CRACKED MASONRY IS SUPPORTED TO PREVENT IT FALLING BEFORE REMOVAL: LIFTING A PIECE OF A TURRET HELD TOGETHER BY POLES AND WIRE.

The Houses of Parliament are in a serious state of decay, though not, as at St. Paul's, from any weakness in the structure or foundations. The trouble is that the external stone-work is crumbling away through the action, it is said, of atmospheric pollution on the magnesian limestone of which the building is composed. It is thought that the work of preservation and repair will cost not less than £1,000,000. Last July a notice was posted on the Terrace advising Members and visitors to sit on the river side away from the wall, owing to the risk from falling fragments. During the last few years as much as 35 tons of stone have been removed by hand-picking from the walls and ledges of the roofs. The river façade, 940 ft. long, has suffered considerably, and it has been a favourite pastime of M.P.'s, tired of debate and waiting for division bells, to amuse themselves by guessing the identity of decayed statues of Kings and Queens that adorn the niches. Sir Frank Baines, the Director of Works, who reported on the roof of Westminster Hall, has been instructed to prepare a

report on the condition of the Palace of Westminster, to be considered by the House of Commons this autumn. Meanwhile, during the Parliamentary vacation, workmen are busy on the roofs, as shown in our photographs. Professor Beresford Pite, who holds the Chair of Architecture in the Royal College of Art, has written: "Ever since the magnesian limestone, of which the New Palace of Westminster is built, was first exposed to the chemical constituents of the London atmosphere, it has been slowly and surely transformed into some sort of a heap of Epsom salts." The fumes of the potteries on the Lambeth side of the river, which ascend from their chimneys and kilns, descend in a gentle but pervading rain of dilute sulphuric acid upon the pile of exposed magnesia at Westminster, with demonstrable results. Carlyle's row of pepper-pots is melting into unwelcome physic. . . . Some fixative may be found to arrest decay. The kilns of Lambeth, of which drain-pipes and ginger-beer bottles are the undignified if useful products, may be expropriated and the mischief ameliorated at its source."

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY FROM NUREMBERG: FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SHIELDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



SUGGESTING "THE PALMATE ANTLER OF A MOOSE": ONE OF SEVEN VERY RARE SHIELDS, NOTCHED FOR LANCE-RESTS, FOUND IN AN ANCIENT FAMILY CHAPEL IN NUREMBERG.



"RIDGED LIKE A SHELL, DEEPLY CONCAVE" AND BEARING THE EAGLE OF THE BEHAIM FAMILY CREST: ANOTHER OF THE NUREMBERG SHIELDS USED IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.



DISTINCTIVE IN ITS CURIOUSLY PRIMITIVE (OR OBSOLESCE?) LANCE-NOTCH: ONE OF THE BEHAIM SHIELDS WITH A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN THAT INCLUDES THE FIGURE OF A KNEELING WOMAN.



BEARING THE ARMS OF THE BEHAIMS, A BOHEMIAN FAMILY THAT CAME TO NUREMBERG IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A QUADRANGULAR AND DEEPLY CONCAVE SHIELD.

We illustrate here part of a new and remarkable acquisition, by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, of very rare relics from the days of mediæval chivalry. Writing in its "Bulletin," Mr. Bashford Dean says: "A series of shields—actual serviceable Gothic shields—bearing the arms of the same family, is, in the experience of the writer, unique. Indeed, he could hardly believe his eyes when one day in Germany a group of seven was laid before him for purchase—the find seemed too good to be true. But even a first examination showed that the shields were authentic beyond question . . . it was finally discovered

that they had been taken from an ancient family chapel in Nuremberg. . . . The shields are small, averaging 24 in. by 18 in.; all of them bear the arms of the Nuremberg patrician family, Behaim. . . . Four specimens are notched for lance-rests . . . Of especial interest is the fact that each of the seven shields is unlike its neighbours. . . . Fig. 1 (shown in the top left photograph) suggests nothing less than the palmate antler of a moose, an animal common in the fifteenth century in Lithuanian forests. In all the shields, after a shroud of dirt was removed, the original colours appeared—orange, gold, red, and silver."



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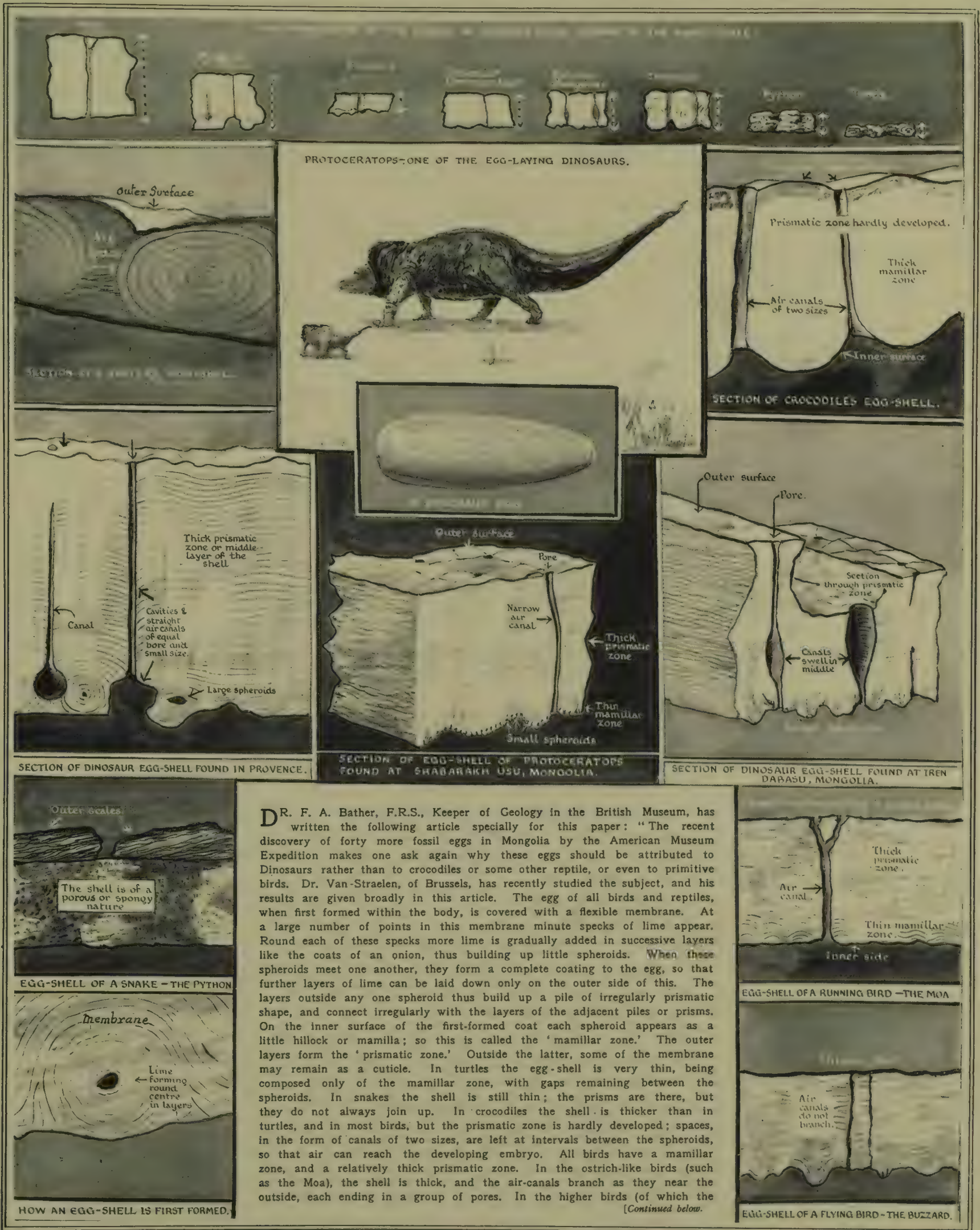
THE SPIRIT OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is largely a matter of outlook. The World is never such a bad place if thoughts dwell on its bright side. After all the happiest life is made up of working hard, playing hard, and rightly appreciating upon suitable occasion the really helpful partnership of

DEWAR'S

DINOSAUR EGGS DISTINCT FROM ALL OTHERS: MICROSCOPIC PROOF.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



DR. F. A. Bather, F.R.S., Keeper of Geology in the British Museum, has written the following article specially for this paper: "The recent discovery of forty more fossil eggs in Mongolia by the American Museum Expedition makes one ask again why these eggs should be attributed to Dinosaurs rather than to crocodiles or some other reptile, or even to primitive birds. Dr. Van-Straelen, of Brussels, has recently studied the subject, and his results are given broadly in this article. The egg of all birds and reptiles, when first formed within the body, is covered with a flexible membrane. At a large number of points in this membrane minute specks of lime appear. Round each of these specks more lime is gradually added in successive layers like the coats of an onion, thus building up little spheroids. When these spheroids meet one another, they form a complete coating to the egg, so that further layers of lime can be laid down only on the outer side of this. The layers outside any one spheroid thus build up a pile of irregularly prismatic shape, and connect irregularly with the layers of the adjacent piles or prisms. On the inner surface of the first-formed coat each spheroid appears as a little hillock or mamilla; so this is called the 'mamillar zone.' The outer layers form the 'prismatic zone.' Outside the latter, some of the membrane may remain as a cuticle. In turtles the egg-shell is very thin, being composed only of the mamillar zone, with gaps remaining between the spheroids. In snakes the shell is still thin; the prisms are there, but they do not always join up. In crocodiles the shell is thicker than in turtles, and in most birds, but the prismatic zone is hardly developed; spaces, in the form of canals of two sizes, are left at intervals between the spheroids, so that air can reach the developing embryo. All birds have a mamillar zone, and a relatively thick prismatic zone. In the ostrich-like birds (such as the Moa), the shell is thick, and the air-canals branch as they near the outside, each ending in a group of pores. In the higher birds (of which the

[Continued below.]

Continued.]

buzzard is an example), the shell is thinner and each canal opens in a single pore. Three sets of Dinosaur egg-shells have been examined by Dr. Van Straelen, two from Mongolia and one of slightly later age from Provence. Most of the Mongolian eggs were associated with bones of *Protoceratops*. In them very small spheroids form a thin mamillar zone; the thick prismatic layer is traversed by relatively few air-canals, which end in minute pores, and are of the same width throughout. In a Mongolian shell thought to belong to a duck-billed Dinosaur, the spheroids are larger, the pores a little larger, and the canals swell in the middle. In the shell from Provence the mamillar zone is much as in the last-

mentioned; but above it are cavities which give rise to straight air-canals of equal bore ending in pores of 0.1 mm. to 0.2 mm. diameter. Thus the three types of supposed Dinosaur eggs show a general agreement with one another. They differ from eggs of all other creatures, but present certain resemblances to the eggs of crocodiles and birds, just as one would expect Dinosaur eggs to do. We may therefore conclude that they really were laid by the Dinosaurs whose remains are found with them. We look forward with interest to Dr. Van Straelen's account of much older eggs preserved in the Geological Department of the Natural History Museum."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

NERVES.—"WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE."

NERVES are the actor's greatest "friend the enemy." If you ask him before the dress-rehearsal or the *première* of a new play, "Well, what about nerves?" he will answer, "Don't talk about them—I am all over!" and his distracted features will betoken that they are a terrible enemy holding him in awe. But inquire again when the battle is over—and, as far as he is concerned, won—and he will tune up in a very different key. "Of course I was very nervous—hardly knew what I was doing; but I think I was all right—at least they tell me so." And when you say then, "Yes, you were splendid—couldn't have been better," you read in his countenance a strange illumination of joy. If "nerves" were something tangible, he would clasp them to his bosom in tender embrace of gratitude.

Yes, nerves are his enemy, but how much more are they his friend! The very anguish they create is a blessing in disguise. It makes him forget himself; it urges him to do his best unsparingly; it inspires him to make for altitudes insurmountable in his own estimation during rehearsal; it tightens up all his being, like the gymnast before a powerful feat, to let go with superhuman impetus. Hence the electric current that runs across the stage on a first night, and, when the relaxation has set in, the comparative flatness on the second.

Of course, to the new-comer nerves are merely a scourge. They are apt to palsy him before as well as during the performance. But they are of a different kind: they are the result of fear and inexperience; they are of the common or garden order—the sensation that worries all sorts and conditions of men and women in countless conditions of life, from going to a party to having to deliver a post-prandial speech. They are what I would call non-creative nerves; they have nothing to do with the artistic soul; they are a kind of infantile disease, gradually cured by practice and by time.

But the nerves of the artist who has felt his feet in the *venue* of his calling—the creative nerves, as I would call them—are of a very different nature. They are beyond all cure; the greatest artists suffer from them all their lives, and, fearful as they are of them, they would not really care to be freed from them. For they know their magic power; they know that without them their inspiration of the moment would suffer; that they would become calculating, instead of plunging headlong into the fray come what may, as Mutius Scaevola did of old in the days of ancient Rome.

The other day I met an actor who, after many years of what he called fruitless success, suddenly leaped to the front rank. He had created more parts than there are days in the year; an ambitious man, he had given up all hope to make the "hit" which would for ever lift him into fame. That evening he, ever a bundle of nerves, even when studying and rehearsing a part, ceased to be human, as he called it. He was but a walking shadow. He felt ever so small; he was despondent; he felt absolutely convinced of failure. He, an excellent memoriser as a rule, was even convinced that at his first entrance he would forget his words. To his wife he said: "If you love me, don't go to the theatre, for I am going to be rotten." She knew better, and, a calm woman (when she is not acting), she merely said: "Nonsense—cheerio!" Well, as he told me, he went on, and as he made his entrance he no longer saw, heard, or felt. He was, as it were, divided in twain, the real man

mortified; the other—the artist—performing in front of him like an automaton, as he thought. Suddenly, after an exit, applause struck his ears; he knew that it meant victory. Then the nerves vanished and the man valiantly propelled the artist. His was a case of fame in a night.

Something similar was related to me almost the same day by another artist, far more temperamental even than the former—one who professes to live on his nerves; he calls them his capital, and often wonders when the overdraft will step in. He too made the success of his life; but oh! the agony

the first night whatever I did was merely subconscious."

Now to a certain extent that was true. His critics praised his performance as a magnificent intellectual achievement, but they said that it was rather analytical than emotional. Nerves had bereft his voice of the true ring of vibration. They had rendered the heart subservient to the head. Yet the audience revelled in the portrayal as he gave it; and, curiously enough, many among it dwelt on the wonderful self-control with which he illuminated the mental process of the character of the play, which was an "expressionist" one. True, in his case "nerves" interfered with the fulness of his powers, with the completeness of his conception. But in spite of that, they made him carry the day; it was the very unconsciousness of his psychological reading which rendered his work so engrossing and carried the hearers away by his intellectual and analytical force. Had he played coolly and collectedly, the effort would have been frigid. Now it was magnetic, because the eerie anæsthetic of nerves lifted him beyond reality, and winged his words as if not learned by heart, but born spontaneously on his lips.

Two dear friends accompany me on all my journeys—we are inseparable, and I never tire of their company. The one is Chambers's little dictionary, the other John Parker's "Who's Who in the Theatre," a portly volume of 1500 pages published for the fifth time by the house of Pitman.

Once, when Réjane died, I forgot my *vade-mecum*, and in a little village far from the madding crowd I was in despair. It was easy enough to write a mental analysis of the great actress, whom I had seen in many parts and who was my personal friend. But my editor had wired for a record of her career, and, although many of her creations dwelt in memory, it was a hopeless task to remember dates and sometimes names of plays and authors. I got through as best I could, but I vowed then and there that on weekends and on long journeys John Parker's book should never leave me.

As I write and finger its pages, it is as if I am diving into the past as well as nodding to the many friends who give me pleasure by their work on the stage. Hallo! There's So-and-So. How good he was in that play! Have not heard from him for ages—yet he is alive and kicking, gathering fame and dollars. And there's Miss —. How we loved her when she was a star in musical comedy, and made our young hearts jump with joy! I thought she was dead and gone—but no, she is still alive in retirement, and while I read off the many parts she has played I cannot help sighing, "Dear, dear, how the time flies! Fancy that beautiful Miss — deep in the

'seventies!'—and what about yourself, *tu Brute*?"

But Mr. Parker is not only a model of accuracy; his work is a Trojan's, and it is a *perpetuum mobile* too, for every day makes history. He is the pink of discretion also. He knows what age means to a woman—men don't matter; we are as old as we look—so he does not reveal the birth of stars unless they wish it. Nor does he always tell whether married or single—wise man, Mr. Parker! A famous actress told me the other day that in the musical-comedy world it often happens that young bloods at the box-office ask, "Is Miss So-and-So married?" And when the answer is "Yes," they buy no tickets and go hence.

But everything worth knowing, and what we should know, about plays and players is in this wonderful book, including Dr. J. M. Bulloch's interesting tables of hereditary theatrical families.



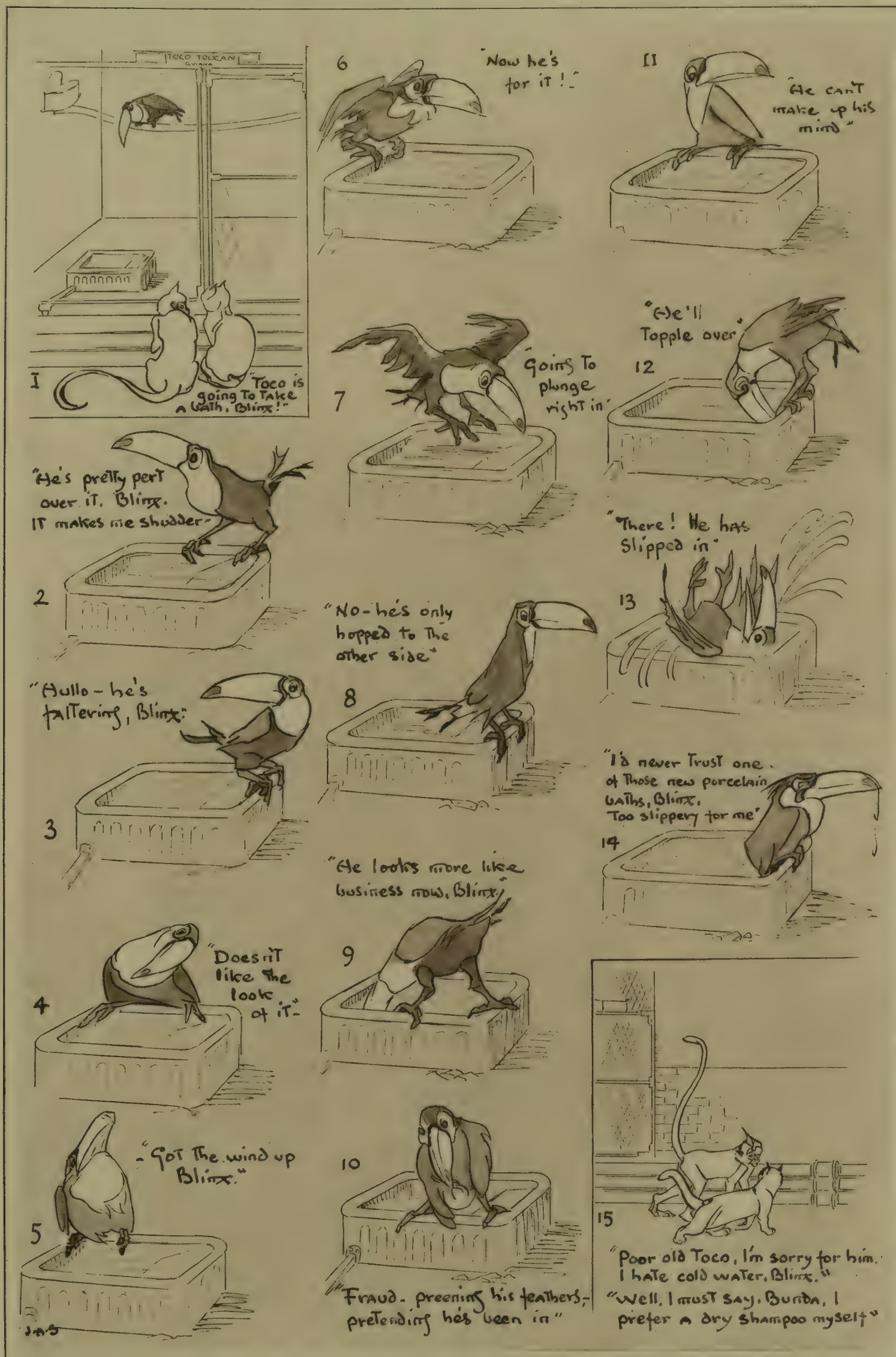
PLAYING A TYPE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY INSTRUMENT FOR WHICH ANNE BOLEYN IS SAID TO HAVE COMPOSED "O DEATH, ROCK ME ASLEEP": MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH, ORGANISER OF THE HASLEMERE FESTIVAL OF "HOME MUSIC."

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who is well known for the revival of antique musical instruments, organised a festival of chamber music (or, as he prefers to call it, "home music") of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, held at Haslemere from August 24 to September 5. He and his family, who are expert performers on old instruments such as the lute, viol, harpsichord, and clavichord, gave a series of delightful concerts, with explanatory talks. The first concert consisted entirely of Bach's music, played as Bach himself played it with his own family. The second was devoted to English composers, from Anne Boleyn (to whom is ascribed the song to the lute, "O Death, Rock Me Asleep") to Purcell.—[Photograph by C.N.]

of it, he said. Apart from the usual preparatory tribulations, he was suddenly obsessed, when the curtain rose, by a terrible sensation. The theatre in which he played was very small, the audience close upon him. He felt, he said, as if he had stepped into a crowd and was overwhelmed by it. That benumbed him, his vision was dimmed; he had the sensation of icy water pouring over him, stiffening his limbs; he thought he lost control of his senses; he did not know what he was doing. When tumultuous ovations should have wakened him to joyful reality, he heard but a faint echo in the distance. That whole evening he remained in a trance, and his own conviction was that he had not done himself justice, that he had not extracted a tithe of what was in the part. "You should have seen me again a few days later," he said; "then I put heart into it, whereas

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXVI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE TOCO TOUCAN SHIRKS HIS BATH—WITH A RUNNING COMMENTARY BY BUNDA.

The bather in "fine feathers" who shrinks from bathing is a sight not unfamiliar at certain coast resorts. The Toco Toucan, though no *plage* beauty, had a similar aversion from contact with cold water;

but his luck was out, and he was in, whether he would or no. His hesitations on the brink provided our two inquisitive friends with much food for innocent enjoyment.

CATCHING SWORDFISH WITH ROD AND LINE: BIG GAME OF THE SEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "AUCKLAND WEEKLY NEWS."



BAITING A LINE FOR SWORDFISH WITH A LIVE KAHAWAI, FIXED BY A TRIPLE HOOK TO A LONG STEEL TRACE: A NEW ZEALAND DEEP-SEA ANGLER.



REGARDED AS "WASTE OF TIME" BY THE NEW ZEALAND DEEP-SEA ANGLER! AN 80-LB. KINGFISH WHICH TOOK THE BAIT INTENDED FOR A SWORDFISH.



CUTTING OUT THE HOOK FROM A CAPTURED SWORDFISH, ITS JAWS BEING KEPT OPEN WITH A POLE: AN AWKWARD TASK, AS THE FISH TAKES ABOUT A YARD OF STEEL TRACE WITH THE BAIT.



A GIANT GAME FISH OF NEW ZEALAND WATERS: MAJOR DOUGLAS KING (OF LONDON) WITH A 304-LB. SWORDFISH LANDED AFTER 1½ HOURS.



ALMOST HALF THE BOAT'S LENGTH: A BIG SWORDFISH, CAUGHT BY DR. S. DAVIDSON (OF SCOTLAND) IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS, BEING TAKEN BACK TO CAMP.



WHERE A 528-LB. SWORDFISH (RECORD WEIGHT) WAS CAUGHT THIS YEAR, AMONG 36 TAKEN WITH ROD AND LINE IN TWO MONTHS: WEIGHING A SWORDFISH ON THE OFFICIAL SCALES AT RUSSELL.

The north coasts of New Zealand are becoming famous for the finest deep-sea fishing in the world. "Swordfish," said the "Auckland Weekly News" recently, "have been taken by anglers in considerable numbers from Russell, in the Bay of Islands. . . . They have ranged in weight from 200 lb. to 528 lb., and some anglers have taken three in one day. These fish give excellent sport, leaping out of the water like a salmon when struck, and giving great runs. The bait used is a live kahawai, or young kingfish. Usually, only one large triangle hook is used. . . . On occasions, a strong swordfish has given a run of eight and nine

miles. . . . It is on these runs that the angler has to exercise his patience, for sometimes he has to play his fish for three or four hours. A chair is bolted to the floor of the launch provided, fitted with a socket to hold the butt of the rod, and the angler uses braces strapped on his shoulders, and hooked to the rod to ease the strain on his hands and arms." As a swordfish can easily cut a cord line with its tail, a steel trace some 20 ft. long is used at the end of a 400-yard line. The kahawai is also used as bait for the mako, or tiger-shark, in the same waters.



The Round Drawing Room, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham.

An Eighteenth Century "Folly"

SCATTERED through England there are many "Gothic Ruins" erected by Georgian noblemen, perhaps with the intention of giving an air of antiquity to their estates. These 18th century "Follies" were the work of a cult that revived Gothic architecture, after it had been completely eclipsed in Stuart times by the classic Grecian and Roman styles. Chief among these enthusiasts was Horace Walpole, who devoted much of his life to the transforming of his home at Strawberry Hill from a country villa to the semblance of a Gothic castle.

Unfortunately Walpole's knowledge and the work of his principal designer, Bentley, were not equal to the task. They had not the skill that guided mediæval craftsmen in the construction of ancient college and cathedral; and genius was lacking to supply the need. The result was that Strawberry Hill proved perhaps the most notable of "Follies." No attempt was made to harmonise in design. Details from various ancient tombs and chapels were copied, and used haphazard in chimney pieces, ceilings, screens, and even bookcases. Walls were battlemented, a refectory with a long gallery above was built with pseudo-Gothic decorations, a round tower was added, and the whole house furnished with nondescript works of art—all this to the great admiration of the fashionables of that time. To our eyes, however, even now, when time has softened the harsher lines, the building is interesting and attractive only as an example of the eccentricity of early Georgian days.

Ostentatious display was much in evidence during the 18th century, but due regard for true quality did exist. For instance, that famous Scotch Whisky, "John Haig," continued to grow in popularity right from the time of its first production in 1627. To-day its prime quality and perfect maturity are known and fully appreciated in every clime.



Pembroke Table. Period 1770.

This dainty article of furniture, usually made of satinwood, was often beautifully painted round the top legs and sides with scrolls of flowers. This table, named after the lady who ordered the first, had a great vogue from 1760 until 1830, during which time it was used by ladies as a work table and for light meals.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN does a good deal of walking—more when at Balmoral than at any other of the royal residences. Her Majesty is a good walker, as the ladies of her suite have found out, especially during a day at Wembley, when the Queen has kept going for miles. At a Royal Garden Party the Queen keeps on her feet for two hours. I have never seen her sit down on any of these occasions; she has her tea standing. The beautiful surroundings of Balmoral and the fine bracing air make a walk a great pleasure, one which the Queen makes a point of enjoying on most days.

It was hard for Lord and Lady Desborough to lose their miniatures; and odd, from outsiders' point of view, that only these were stolen. When they were first married, and were Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell, there was a robbery at Taplow Court and a number of their wedding presents were stolen, among them several from members of the Royal Family. Lady Desborough was at Carberry Tower with the Queen, who felt very sorry for her loss.

Lord and Lady Elphinstone, who again had the honour of entertaining her Majesty, are now connected by marriage with the Royal Family, as Lady Elphinstone was formerly Lady Mary Frances Bowes-Lyon, and is an elder sister to the Duchess of York. Lord Elphinstone, who was High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1923-4, is the sixteenth Baron, and traces his descent to Sir Alexander Elphinstone, who was created Lord Elphinstone in 1509, and fell at Flodden Field four years later. He is a Captain in the Royal Scottish Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland.

The Rev. John Stirton, minister at Crathie Church, in which the King and Queen worship when at Balmoral, is a historian of the place, and has written "Balmoral in Former Times." The present-day church, although finely situated, is not architecturally remarkable; it

is about twenty years old. That which Queen Victoria knew so well had a horseshoe gallery to which the offertory bag was lifted on a long pole, and it also boasted a three-decker pulpit. A curious church at Alwyne has deer-antlers as interior decoration. As a rule, the small Scottish churches, like the small towns and villages, are more remarkable for solidity than for beauty. Many small, dark, stone-built houses are, however, set in the midst of gloriously colourful gardens.

The Duchess of Atholl's only brother, Major Sir James Ramsay, is the King's Commissioner at Balmoral, and has much to do with keeping the Balmoral Highlanders drilled and efficient and ready for their part in the Braemar Gathering. Lady Ramsay is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Macgregor. They have two sons, the elder sixteen. Sir James quite recently succeeded his father, the tenth Baronet. His step-sister is the widow of the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was herself Senior Classic. One of her sons died on active service during the war. The other is an Intelligence Officer in a Household battalion. Both were notable scholars.

Lady May Cambridge, who went on a visit to the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Panouse, parents of her friend Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse, will be looking forward to the return of her mother, Princess Alice, on the 14th inst., and arrived in London some days earlier to await the event. Mother and daughter are devoted friends. Lady May will, with her mother, visit the King and Queen at Balmoral. She will also, it is stated, before long go on a visit to her cousin

Princess Juliana of Holland, who is said to be a very nice Dutch girl, and who has recently been in a camp and taken her part in all the duties, enjoying herself on an equality with other campers. With her mother, she visited the injured in hospitals after the recent cyclone, and she and the Queen showed practical sympathy with the sufferers. She is in her seventeenth year, and is, as Crown Princess and an heiress to much private wealth, very eligible. She is a fine, healthy-looking girl.

The Maharajah of Jodhpur is enjoying himself very much in Scotland and showing himself a good sportsman. He stayed for a time with Lord Belhaven and Stenton, who served in the Indian Army for many years, and was Colonel Robert Hamilton when he succeeded his uncle the late Peer, who held the title for over a quarter of a century. Lady Belhaven is the daughter of Sir Benjamin Parnell Bromhead, who was in the Indian Army and some time Governor of Lahore. Her elder sister is Lady Birdwood, wife of the new Commander-in-Chief in India. The Maharajah and his brother were, therefore, among people closely connected with India, and knowing the Empire and its people well. Lord Belhaven has one son, in his twenty-second year, and one daughter, Lady Raglan.

Lord and Lady Northampton have been staying at Turloisk, in the Island of Mull, and greatly enjoyed cruising in Hebridean waters. They are now at their place, Loch Luichart Lodge, near Dingwall, and have friends staying with them for deer-stalking. Lady Northampton shares the good looks of her family, being one of the Marquess of Bath's handsome daughters. The Marquess of Northampton's only sister is Lady Loch, wife of Major-General Lord Loch. Lady



An ideal hard court tennis outfit for the coming season, designed and carried out by Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. It is a skirt and blazer coat built of the "Oxford trousers" oatmeal flannel, and the jumper to match, sketched on the left, is of fine Scotch wool. (See page 454.)

Northampton has no son, and Captain Edward Compton, his cousin, who married one of the daughters of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, is at present heir-presumptive.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford have been staying at Drummond Castle, Crieff, where Lord and Lady Ancaster have had a shooting party. The Castle is a fine building, and is celebrated for beautiful Italian gardens, greatly admired by the Queen when she visited them. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the elder son of the house, is in his nineteenth year, and has the family love of sport. Viscount Gage, one of our bachelor Peers, was of the party, as were Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace.

King Edward secured the record for deer in the Balmoral Forest with a bag of eight fine stags, all stalked. Later in life, his Majesty shot driven deer. King George is a fine stalker and enjoys the sport, but will now take it less strenuously than he did, if at all: Prince Henry is an ardent stalker, and a good shot with a rifle as well as with a gun, as is the King.

Lord Stonehaven, whom we continue to know best as Sir John Baird, and who sails for Australia with Lady Stonehaven to take up his duties as Governor-General, belongs to the Established Church of Scotland, which is looked upon in England as Presbyterianism. His elevation to the Peerage eliminates one of the three Baronet Bairds. He has two sons, the elder, Master of Stonehaven in the Scottish way, the Hon. Ian Baird in the English, who is in his eighteenth year, and the Hon. Robert Baird, now fifteen. The three daughters of the new Governor-General are the Hon. Annette Sydney, who is out; the Hon. Ariel, who is nine; and the Hon. Hilda, who is seven.

Lord and Lady Doune, who are in South Africa, are fond of an open-air life and of sport. Lord Doune did fine service as an aviator during the war, when he won his Captaincy in the R.A.F. and an M.C.; he was wounded, but happily quite recovered, and is a Flight-Commander in the Royal Flying Corps. Lady Doune is a daughter of Mr. J. Archibald Murray, of New York, and is a charming and popular lady. The Hon. John Stuart, Lord Doune's brother, married recently a daughter of "Matabele" Wilson of Rhodesia, so Lord and Lady Doune will have friends out there and will have a very enjoyable time. A. E. L.



Destined for the closed car is the graceful coat on the left, expressed in purple velour trimmed with seal coney; it is lined with fur and satin. On the right is a sports coat of suede in a gay cherry nuance. At Gamage's. (See p. 454.)



THE name PLAYER on a packet of cigarettes guarantees the quality and purity of the contents. It is more than a name—it is a *reputation and a tradition*. Far-reaching resources have secured for PLAYER'S the very cream of the world's tobacco crop, the choicest growths of Virginia leaf—cured and matured under ideal conditions with the skill and knowledge born of wide and varied experience.



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



Fashions and Fancies.

Fashions in Jewellery.

Jewellery has never been more beautiful than it is to-day. The old settings of heavy gold and silver were valued by their weight rather than by their appearance, and these have disappeared, giving way to skill and craftsmanship. One has only to compare them, metaphorically, with the perfect specimens of the modern jeweller's art reproduced here. They must be placed to the credit of Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, W. The alliance of diamonds and platinum is exceedingly fashionable, and the illustrations show

with what exquisite workmanship they are blended. The wristlet watch, of which, incidentally, the price is only £30, introduces also tiny sapphires; and the long ear-rings, of diamonds and black onyx, are completed with lovely jade drops. The vogue for wrist-watches in striking geometrical shapes, surprisingly small, continues, and one irresistible affair, perfectly flat, carried out in 18-ct. gold and fitted with a reliable lever movement, can be secured for the moderate sum of 6 guineas, a very special price. The latest improvements in silverware and leather-work are, of course, always on view in these salons.

A Hard-Court Tennis Outfit.

Just at this season, sports and sports outfits hold everyone's attention, so that the newest fashions in this sphere are of vital importance. Hard-

on a red court. The problem has been solved in the most practical manner by Gamages, Holborn, E.C., the famous sports outfitters. This firm are responsible for the delightful coat and skirt made of the "Oxford trousers" oatmeal-coloured flannel, sketched on page 452. The skirt, mounted on a silk top, has a pleat on the right side, and a wrap on the left, allowing complete freedom of movement, and the coat is cut like a blazer, finished with gold buttons. The entire suit can be obtained for 42s.; and 21s. secures the sweater to match, pictured on the left. Knitted in fine Scotch wool, it is available with the Eton collar or V-neck, and with long or short sleeves. Many lovely colours are obtainable as well as this nuance. There are other fascinating sleeveless jerseys, hand-knitted in striking designs and gay colourings, price 55s. Any scheme may be carried out to order. Knitted sports suits in bouclette wool, comprising a polo jumper and wide-ribbed skirt, are obtainable for 4 guineas in many pretty pastel shades.

Coats for Golf and Motoring.

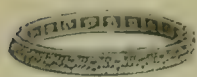
With everyone's thoughts centred on golf and motoring, the coats pictured on page 452 will arouse universal interest. Gamages are making a feature this year of coats for the closed car, which are both fashionable and warm. The one pictured on the extreme left is carried out in purple velour, trimmed with seal coney, and half lined with squirrel lock.

is obtainable in all bright colours, price 5½ guineas. Skirts to match for golf are also available. Another speciality are well-tailored coats of novelty tweeds in "carpet" designs and colourings, each at 84s. They are equally suitable for town and country

Well-Built Shoes for £1.

In these days of strenuous work and play, shoes are a formidable item of expenditure. It is a false economy to buy cheap ones, and a splendid opportunity is offered

by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., who are making a feature of high-grade fashionable shoes at 20s. a pair. The shoes are made by one of the most famous manufacturers in this country, and every pair is sold with a guarantee to stand reasonable and fair wear. There are patent shoes, plain or with perforated designs, and others in patent and glacé kid in the Court or one-bar styles, and models with fancy strappings. Then, for heavy wear, there are well-built brogues of solid leather, or for sports one-bar shoes fitted with crêpe rubber soles. A brochure illustrating the many styles available will be sent on request gratis and post free to all who apply, mentioning the name of this paper—an advantage not to be missed by residents in the country and provinces.



A ring of diamonds and platinum from Mappin and Webb, showing exquisite modern workmanship.



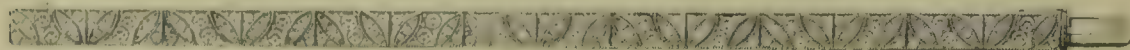
An unusual diamond and platinum ring from the salons of Mappin and Webb.



Sapphires, diamonds and platinum make this lovely little wristlet watch from Mappin and Webb.



The vogue for long ear-rings has inspired this beautiful pair made of diamonds and black onyx with jade drops; they must be placed to the credit of Mappin and Webb.



A fashionable bracelet of diamonds and platinum from Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, W.

court tennis will soon be in full swing, and every enthusiast has experienced the difficulty of keeping their clothes spotlessly white after an hour's play

In velour, the coats range from 10 guineas, and in tweed from 6 guineas. The short suède coat on the right completed with three pockets and a belt-fastening,



Every good man is "worth his salt", so it is the duty of every good woman to see that he gets the best.

Cerebos
SALT

Supplied to the House of Lords.

CS 14

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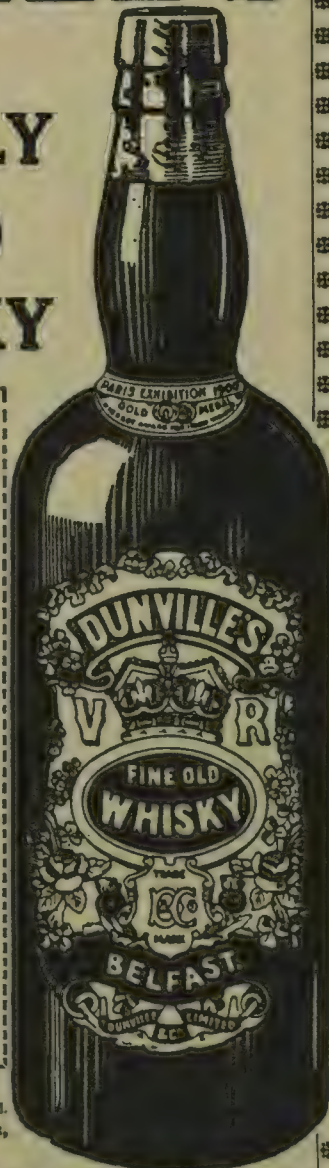
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**THE VALUE IS IN THE CHOCOLATES,
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Sold in the Salons at the Corner Houses, Maison Lyons and Lyons' Tea-shops, in Theatres and Cinemas, and by good Confectioners everywhere.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

COLIN II. A NOVEL. By E. F. BENSON. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Benson's later manner, here to be enjoyed in its maturity, is urbane and witty as ever, but deeper in its probing of life and character. He explains the relation of this book to its predecessor. "The Preface to 'Colin' (published in 1923) informed such readers as peruse prefaces that a further volume would complete the history of his association with the bargain his ancestor struck with Satan. . . . 'Colin II.' therefore must not be regarded as a sequel to 'Colin,' but as the second half of that romance." There is a fine distinction here, suggesting the question—what exactly is a sequel? Presumably, Mr. Benson's point is that a sequel is an afterthought, arising out of a previous story, but not originally conceived as an integral part of it. Colin, it may be recalled, was a young earl, endowed with all that makes life pleasant—riches, popularity, and a beautiful wife—but bound by that evil compact with the devil made by his Faust-like forebear, who sold his soul for wealth and prosperity. The only force that can overcome the Satanic influence is love, and the story tells of a loving wife's conflict with the powers of darkness.

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Atherton's new novel is a strong and dramatic study of the modern young American woman. She is not very different from the advanced British type, to judge by the opening dialogue between Gita Carteret and her moribund grandmother, who dislikes her loud voice, her language, her hair, her "boyish, defiant bearing," and her "ugly tailored suits." But the chief point of controversy between the last generation but one and the present is the latter's attitude towards the other sex. Gita expresses it thus: "If men crawled at my feet—which they don't do these days, anyhow—I'd kick them out of the way. And if I were a man myself—and I wish to God I were—I'd see women to the devil before I'd make a fool of myself."

Needless to say, Gita has opportunities of putting her ideas about men to the test. Her experiences bring her in the end to a mood of bitter discontent. "Life could be so wonderful, and it's just a mean

chromo of art, and delights in the fact and in taunting our anticipations—those lovely works of art we create and hang in blessed spaces of the mind—taunting and shattering—" The question prompts itself—have women gained much by their "emancipation"? Was Gita's rival—a girl who had tried to kill her—right in saying: "Poor things, we moderns"?

MORE TALES OF THE UNEASY. By VIOLET HUNT. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The "more" in the title of Violet Hunt's new book refers to the fact that her original "Tales of the Uneasy" appeared fourteen years ago, and subsequent events have provided certain incidents—such as air raids—in the four brilliant new tales contained in the present volume. As her readers well know, Violet Hunt, daughter of the famous Pre-Raphaelite painter, is an explorer in the realm of fear, on the frontier of the occult. The tales are preceded by a delightful Preface, wherein she discusses the art of "the long short story . . . the direct survivor of the old Conte," with its exponents ancient and modern, and recalls incidents of her life and literary friendships, especially that with Henry James. "My mother," she writes, "was always hailed as a medium at the séances she attended in the 'sixties with Rossetti and Mrs. William Morris. . . . Ghosts in our homes were taken for granted." Finally, she tells how she went down to see Henry James, in his retreat at Rye, to seek his aid in christening a volume of short stories. "I wanted a title that would suggest the special medium I had chosen to work in, something Borderland, between Ghost and Devil—Night and Daylight—Dream and Business—Water and Wine." Many alternatives were suggested and rejected until the master, in analysing the idea, happened to use the phrase "that constant factor of the uneasy." That settled it. "Tales of the Uneasy! Thank you, Mr. James." Having read "More Tales," the reader will ask for more again.

DOWN RIVER. By JOHN H. VAHEY. (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d. net.)

South America and its people seem to have come nearer to us since the visit of the Prince of Wales to Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile. There is a certain timeliness, therefore, in this vivid story of love and strange adventures in that continent, where the

writers of fiction have shown a strongly marked tendency of late to seek new shades of local colour. The tale concerns the kidnapping of a beautiful singer, Appassionata Verges, after a performance of "Pagliacci" in the Opera House at San Joaquin. The hero, in the spirit of knight-errantry, sets out to rescue her, and has many thrilling experiences in the course of his quest along the River-Jacara.

A WIFE IN KENYA. A STORY OF EAST AFRICA. By NORA K. STRANGE. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

Kenya is another country which has not only been made more familiar to us at home by a recent royal visit—that of the Duke and Duchess of York—but is likewise a comparatively new field of fiction. Miss Nora Strange has already annexed East Africa as her literary province, by virtue of her previous books, "Latticed Windows" and "An Outpost Wooing." Her new novel is a study of an apparently ill-matched couple, who learn, among other things, that even in the jungle it is possible to lose one's heart as well as one's way. At the outset we meet Pierce and Beryl Napier applying for a divorce; at the end they are discovered in still more dramatic circumstances. To assist readers unacquainted with the country, there is a short glossary of Swahili words that occur in the dialogue.

MURDERERS' ISLAND. By YATE TREGARRON. (Methuen; 3s. 6d. net.)

Capital punishment had evidently been abolished in this country by the time the world reached the period of this story, which opens with the condemnation of Catherine Hewart for having murdered her uncle. The prisoner is conveyed from London by aeroplane to Plymouth, thence to be sent by sea to an island home for criminals. "The State," says a lawyer to her, "cannot countenance murder. You are put outside. You no longer belong to our civilised country. You will find your place, and your own sort, on Lassary Island. The State permits you to have sufficient to live on; but it could not connive at your living in luxury on money for which you committed murder!" Other social changes are indicated in the story, which tells how another girl, believing in Catherine's innocence, tried to rescue her and sacrifice herself by giving up her own lover.

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Gloriously Clear Teeth

Why you may already have
them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty
is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

DO you seriously want dazzlingly
clear teeth?—teeth that add
immeasurably to your personality
and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish.
That's been proved times without
number. But not by continuing
with old methods of cleansing and
of brushing.

Modern science has discovered
a new way. A radically different
principle from old ways; and
based on latest scientific findings.
This offers you a test, free. Simply
mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth.
Run your tongue across your teeth
and you can feel it. Beneath it
are the pretty teeth you envy in
others. Ordinary methods won't
successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered.
For when you remove that film,
you'll be surprised at what you
find. You may actually have
beautiful teeth already—and yet
not realize it. Find out!

What that film is

Most tooth troubles have a
potential origin in film. It clings
to teeth, gets into crevices and
stays.

That film, too, absorbs stains...
stains from food, from smoking,
from various causes. And that is
why your teeth look "off colour."

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not
successfully fight that film. So
most people had dingy teeth. And
tooth troubles increased alarm-
ingly.

Now new methods have been
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It acts to curdle the film, then
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Ten days' use will prove its
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offered to you as a test. Why not
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whiter teeth? Send the coupon
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FILM the worst
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You can feel it with your tongue.

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look out of place beside fine furniture. Notice how
the Ethovox Loud Speaker in the above picture har-
monises with its old-world setting. Its graceful curves
and rich glossy mahogany colouring are a delight to
the eye. The Ethophone V. four-valve receiver shown
below is built in a handsome double-door, polished
mahogany cabinet. It is a very simple instrument
to operate, and, when used with the Ethovox Loud
Speaker, reproduces every musical note with clarity and
purity that must be heard to be appreciated. Perfec-
tion in performance and perfection in form are well
represented by Burndept products. You can have a set
built into your own furniture, if you wish, or into
bureaux designed to match any style or period of furniture.
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE NEW "HAMLET." AT THE KINGSWAY.

BECAUSE Elizabethan actors dressed Romans, ancient Britons, and Greek or Trojan warriors in the costume of Elizabeth's time, because Garrick acted Hamlet and Romeo in bag-wig, lace cuffs, and



SCIENCE AIDS THE FARMER: DRYING DAMP CORN BY PUMPING HOT AIR INTO A STACK—A DEMONSTRATION AT GARFORTH BY THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

square-cut coat, is surely no reason why we to-day should throw over historical accuracy, abandon the resources of the wardrobe, and play Shakespearean tragedy in modern clothes. It is possible to credit Sir Barry Jackson with sincere and loyal intentions when he tries the experiment of discovering whether Shakespeare cannot still appeal to heart and mind and ear when stripped of traditional trappings, but it is difficult not to smile at a knicker-bockered Hamlet, a Laertes in Oxford trousers, monocled and cigarette-smoking courtiers, and an Ophelia in abbreviated skirts and light silk stockings. The manager tells us that he wants us to visualise the play better, and that tragedy gains in poignancy when given in

modern dress; perhaps there is something in his plea, that by his method of doing "Hamlet" the crust of convention is beaten off the characters; perhaps more alertness is so secured in his audience. For there is no denying that his odd enterprise has met with the reward of success. But it is his company that win it for him; the new "Hamlet" is a triumph because of extraordinarily efficient and fresh acting; possibly (they only can say) his players feel freedom and exhilaration in an escape from conventional costume. At all events we have a Polonius—Mr. Bromley Davenport's—who is not a merely garrulous pantaloon; we have a usurper King—Mr. Vosper's—who is smooth-spoken and polished, and not too obvious a villain; we have a Laertes, that of Mr. Robert Holmes, whomight have just "come down" from any Oxford or Cambridge college; we have an Ophelia—Miss Muriel Hewitt's—sweetly girlish and desperately pathetic in the mad scene, despite her short frock; we have from Mr. Alan Howland one of the best of all

Horatios; and from Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, his clay pipe notwithstanding, a grave-digger with translucent humour. Above all, we forget "plus fours" and other quaint accessories in the case, the fiery passion, the self-control, the superb diction of Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston's Hamlet. Would his beautiful performance have been any less beautiful had he dressed his part as did Irving? No; almost certainly not; but let us be grateful for such a Hamlet.

"THE OFFENCE." AT WYNDHAM'S.

In "The Offence," a drama with a psycho-analytical side, we obtain from Mr. Mordaunt Shairp one of the most interesting as well as thoughtful plays of the year. Its prologue, showing a highly strung, sensitive child listening to a fairy tale in a room full of Eastern curios, has the prettiest old-world air; the play itself is haunted by a mystery of a man's fear, and the alienation of a son and a father, which is only solved and banished at its close. In between prologue and story happened an ugly scene—the details of which the audience only gradually puts together. The hero is a novelist happily married, yet strangely depressed by any contact with his now-aged father. The two men cannot get on good terms, and so dire is the influence of the older man on the younger that this latter fears he

[Continued overleaf.]



PRIMING THE MACHINE THAT DRIES A DAMP CORN-STACK WITH HOT AIR: PUMPING PARAFFIN MIXED WITH AIR INTO THE MACHINE, WHERE IT IS BURNT.

An interesting demonstration of a new agricultural apparatus for the artificial drying of crops took place recently, under the auspices of the University of Leeds, at Manor Farm, Garforth, in the presence of a number of local farmers. The machine contains hot air generated by pumping into it a mixture of paraffin and air, which is burnt. The hot air is then pumped out through a large pipe into a stack of damp corn, and dries it. With this plant, the farmer is made independent of weather.

Photographs by L.N.A.



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Continued. is going out of his mind. What grudge is it that he has got against his parent? If he could only recall it, he might retain his reason and shake off the black dog from his shoulders. Only one thing he knows—he shivers at the sight of a bowl. One day he is made to lift it. Ah, the truth gradually comes back to him. Long, long ago, when he was a child, he broke a bowl like that—a bowl his father greatly valued. The light grows; he was thrashed unmercifully by that father for his fault! Then, why has he forgotten it? Because, following the thrashing, came illness, and a nervous breakdown after recovery, from which recent happenings were effaced. That is the story; quite simple, but most intelligently elaborated. The acting of Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Frederick Leister, and Miss Clare Harris is as enjoyable as the tale.

"BLESSED ARE THE RICH," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Mr. James Agate and Mr. C. E. Openshaw, in their adaptation of the former's novel, "Blessed Are the Rich," provide us with amusing dialogue and types in the scenes of the play which are placed in a grocery shop run by a novelist as an extra means of livelihood. It is possible that, in the novel, Oliver Sheldon, the amateur shopkeeper, cut a conspicuous figure; it is certain that in the adaptation, chief interest centres round Miss Stebbing, who serves as his saleswoman and jokes with his customers, but is obviously destined for a larger world. She it is who gives the story its motto: the rich are blessed because they can afford to stay honest. But for her, poor herself, and with a foolish young sister to drag out of a scrape, honesty is a "mug's" game. So she helps herself to the contents of her employer's till, and, when he discovers her thefts, she brazenly refuses to show either regret or recognition of

guilt. Other scenes offering us a view of a majestic film star, and the Jew manager to whom she is secretly married, have a less real, a more twopence-coloured look. The imposing Aida St. Ebbing, queen of the movies, is none other than our old acquaintance, Miss Stebbing of the grocery shop. Your liking



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS SINCE REVIEWED OVER 12,000 ARGENTINE TROOPS: A PREVIOUS PARADE IN THE AVENIDA ALVEAR AT BUENOS AIRES ON THE 109TH ANNIVERSARY OF ARGENTINA'S INDEPENDENCE.

While in Buenos Aires the Prince of Wales, on August 22, took the salute from the Presidential box in the Avenida Alvear at a great march-past in his honour of over 12,000 Argentine soldiers and sailors, headed by a band of British Marines and detachments from H.M.S. "Repulse" and "Curlew." The review lasted two hours, and the Prince's presence aroused immense enthusiasm. The Independence Day parade illustrated above took place some time previously, and was, of course, quite a separate occasion, but it formed, so to speak, a "full-dress rehearsal" for the later event.—[Photograph by Topical.]

for the play will depend on how much you like Miss Stebbing. She is made by Miss Mary Clare a very full-blooded and lively creature; indeed, this actress's art reaches high-water mark in the portrayal of Mr. Agate's heroine.

"DEAR LITTLE BILLIE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

There is a look of "Cinderella" about the plot of "Dear Little Billie," the Shaftesbury's new musical comedy, at its outset, for the piece opens with a huntsmen's chorus, and soon brings on two unpleasant sisters and a peer of shady morals. Its heroine, too, who first appears in boy's clothes, is in something like Cinderella's case: for she cannot, we learn, marry her lover because, owing to some strange will, he loses his estate unless he takes a wife from his own rank. How the librettist, Mr. Firth Shephard, works out the tangle in which he involves his puppets need not trouble the audience; it will be enough for them that he and two composers, Mr. H. B. Hedley and Mr. Jack Strachey, provide the framework of an entertainment into which Mr. Laddie Cliff, as agile and full of fun as ever, and Miss Phyllis Monkman, still dancing with infinite grace, put body and humour. Miss Adrienne Brune's pretty vocalisation and the acting and singing of Mr. Michaelis are also assets of a show which looks like shaping for a good run.

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

The Co-Optimists are back in town, and can once more boast a first-class entertainment. Miss Betty Chester has rejoined them, and proves a tower of strength. Miss Anita Elson is, fortunately, with the company still, and whether she is acting in a little Cockney farce with Mr. Gilbert Childs, or dancing alone, she is a cause of unalloyed pleasure. Mr. Burnaby's dry humour has lost none of its point; a little more of his drollery would not be amiss. And there are, of course, plenty of sentimental songs from Mr. Melville Gideon and Mr. Stanley Holloway—songs which go down as well as anything on the programme.

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CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Small
"Six."

For a long while I have held the opinion that the comparatively small six-

cylinder car must become the vogue. The movement towards this has been slower than I thought, but it has undoubtedly set in steadily at last. Several British manufacturers have been experimenting with the type for some time, and it begins to look as if they were now satisfied with the tests, and are prepared to put such models into production. I see no reason why the small "six" should not become the popular car of the future. It has many advantages over the "four," as those who have had experience of both will acknowledge. The more even torque, the greater sweetness of running, and the better capacity of the "six" for slow running on "top" are more than worth the slight extra complication of the greater number of cylinders. As a matter of fact, the complication is much more apparent than real in view of the almost absolute reliability of the modern engine. Time was when one looked askance at any improvement which entailed adding to the sum of the working parts. Valves used to burn out or break; valve springs were a bugbear; plugs were unreliable, and lasted but a few hundred miles at their best. Everything was a potential source of trouble, and the motorist who had to look after his own car looked twice before he added to his possibilities of breakdown. To-day, however, all that is changed. I have a six-cylinder car which has now done between seven and eight thousand miles. The engine has been decarbonised and the valves ground in once—at about 1500 miles. Except on this one occasion I have not seen my plugs. About once a month I remove the distributor cover, take out the rotor, and give the moving parts a drop or two of oil. The carburettor I set just after taking delivery of the car, and I have not touched it since. Indeed, I hardly know there is an engine in the car, so far as it necessitates adjustments or minor repairs. As a fact, I have had to make neither, with the routine exceptions I have stated. From my own experience of the "six," therefore, it does not look as though extra "complication" counted for very much. It certainly has confirmed me in the opinion that the "six" is the future type of car.



A DELIGHTFUL COMBINATION: THE BREEZY WOODED HILLS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND A 10-H.P. SWIFT.



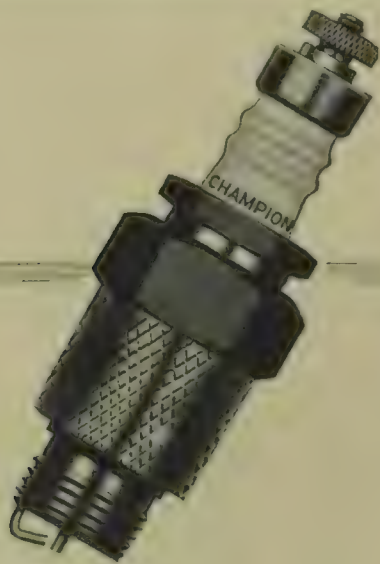
AT THE FAMOUS RUINS OF TINTERN ABBEY; NOW BEING RESTORED: AN AUSTIN "TWELVE" TOURING CAR. Tintern Abbey, immortalised by Wordsworth, was formerly included in the Monmouthshire estate of the Beaufort family. The Abbey was founded in 1131 A.D. by Walter Fitz-Richard, Lord of Striguil. It is considered one of the most beautiful examples of Gothic architecture in the British Isles.

Bigger Engines. Another development which seems in the air is towards a bigger engine than the 11'9, which was so much the vogue up to the end of last year. This, again, is a movement to be welcomed, for, good as the modern high-speed engine is, and high as is its efficiency, I do think it is asking too much of it to load it up with four or five heavy passengers, and then ask it to maintain a steady forty miles an hour on the road. Often I have thought when taking my journeys abroad that we really do want a society for the prevention of cruelty to small cars; or, better still, that it would be better if manufacturers were able to refuse absolutely to allow their small chassis to be fitted up with any more than a two-seater body. Unfortunately, they have to meet the public in what it demands, and if the purchaser says he wants a 10-h.p. car which will carry five adult people, the manufacturer has to produce it whether he likes it or not. Now I hear of several who are either boldly scrapping the lower-powered models and building a more robust chassis with an engine of about 14 h.p., or who are adding such a model to their lists. Of course, there will still be a big demand for the "tens," and even for cars of lower rating still, but I foresee that the discriminating will go for the larger cars much more than for the smaller. The two main types in which I look to see great developments are the "six" of about 18-h.p., and the four-cylinder 13'9.

British and
Foreign Cars.

At intervals the question crops up of why people buy foreign cars when so many sterling vehicles of British origin are to be had. At the moment quite a correspondence is being carried on in the motoring journals on this evergreen subject. It appears to me that the answer is really not very far to seek. At one end of the scale, people buy high-class French and Italian cars because, rightly or wrongly, they believe them to be better than the British cars in their respective classes. At least, we may say that they for one reason or another genuinely prefer them. It is quite an arguable proposition, I know, whether, when we have done with the Rolls-Royce, the Lanchester, and one or two others, our own cars are actually as good as their opposite numbers from France and Italy. As a matter of fact, the question is so highly controversial that I

(Continued overleaf.)



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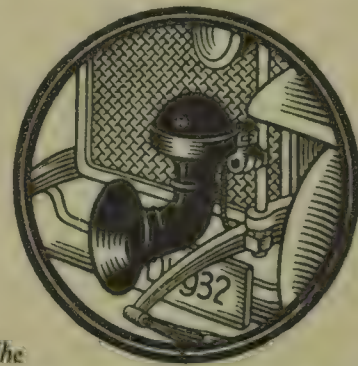
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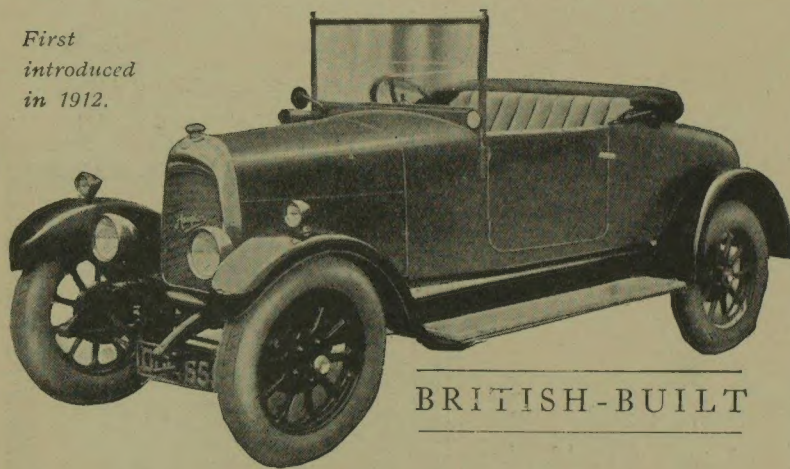
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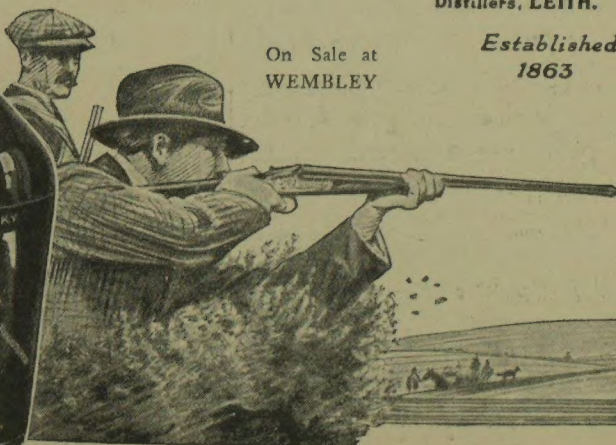


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do not propose to discuss it, for to do so would serve no useful end, and, beyond that, it is quite unnecessary. At the other end, the plain fact of the matter is that people buy foreign cars—and particularly American cars—because they are very much lower in initial cost than British cars of the same power class. It is not that they prefer them for their greater intrinsic merits—since it would be idle to pretend that a cheap American car is as soundly engineered or as well assembled as the corresponding British vehicle; but not every motorist is a wealthy man. By far the greater number find that they have a certain amount of money to lay out in the purchase of a car, and they look around to see where they can get what they believe to be the best value for their money. After due reflection they decide that the American meets the case, and they buy it. It is silly for people to argue, as I saw done the other day, that nobody in his senses would buy an American car when there is such a car as the British Bentley available. Many of us would like a Bentley. I myself should prefer a Rolls-Royce, and the only reason I do not own one is because my means do not run to it. After all, though, the whole discussion is rather a bootless one.

Another Sunbeam Record.

The Klausen Hill-Climb in Switzerland, which was held last Sunday, is the leading hill-climb for cars in Europe. The course is a mountainous road, the hill itself being about 27 kilometres in length, with nearly 200 corners and bends. On this course and against some of the best racing cars in Europe, Count Masetti, on a two-litre Sunbeam, fitted with super-charger, beat all comers, irrespective of engine size, and set up a new record for the hill. Count Masetti's time for the climb was 17 min. 27 sec., which is 1 min. 30 sec. better than the record time made last year. As some indication of the competition which the two-litre Sunbeam had to face, it may be mentioned that the second car to finish, a French production, was equipped with an engine of six-litre capacity, but the Sunbeam beat this by a handsome margin of time.

Crossley Consistency.

An owner of a 19.6-h.p. Crossley all-weather coupé has kept a careful record of the use of his car over twelve months. The figures he has tabulated

are very interesting for comparative purposes. At first sight it certainly looks as if he has created a record both for total mileage and the number of days



MOTERING ON A BEAUTIFUL ROAD IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: A 20-60-H.P. SUNBEAM IN BADBY WOODS.

the car was used in the year. In the 365 days it was on the road for 347 days, 18 days only having passed during which the car was not used. In these 347 days

the car ran 23,522 miles, the longest day's run being one of 391 miles. In one month 2364 miles were covered, with a petrol consumption of 101 gallons, equivalent to 23 m.p.g., followed by another month during which the car was on the road every day, with a mileage of 2879 miles, on a petrol consumption of 146 gallons, equal to 20 m.p.g.

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In the French Grand Prix all the eight cars which finished were fitted with Bosch magnetos. The exacting test imposed upon the magnetos and their remarkable efficiency are proved by the fact that the 621 miles race was won at an average speed of 70 m.p.h., and that the fastest lap was put up at 80 m.p.h. Benoist, on the winning Delage, covered the course in 8 hr. 54 min. 41 1-5 sec. Wagner (Delage) was second in 9 hr. 2 min. 27 2-3 sec. and Masetti (Sunbeam) third in 9 hr. 6 min. 15 1-5 sec. The fourth to eighth places were taken by Bugatti cars. On all the cars the Bosch magnetos bore their important part with distinctive efficiency.

Alpine Hill-Climbing.

Of the numerous hill-climbs held in Europe, the most spectacular is undoubtedly that to the top of the St. Bernard Pass, towering 8110 feet above sea level. Starting from the town of Aosta, the top of the pass is reached after a climb of about 21 1/4 miles, which distance calls for the maximum effort from the engine for periods varying from 36 to 46 minutes. The variations in the gradient require frequent use of the gears, and naturally the driver plays an important rôle under such conditions. This year's climb to the summit of the snowbound pass was open to cars of four classes. In the division for 1100-cc. two-seaters, a Salmson, driven by Clerici, climbed the mountain in 36 min. 59 4-5 sec., or at an average speed of 32.9 miles an hour. A 10-15-h.p. Fiat, driven by Peyrol, was the fastest of the 1500-cc. machines, its time being 40 min. 30 sec., which is at the rate of 31 1/2 miles an hour. It was a Diatto, running in the class for cars of more than 2000-cc., which made the fastest time of the day in 32 min. 51 1-5 sec.; it was followed in its class by two Alfa Romeos. The winning two-litre touring car was a Bianchi in 46 min. 9 2-5 sec. Above two litres the speediest touring car was Bastia's Spa, in 37 min. 41 1-5 sec. W. W.

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